

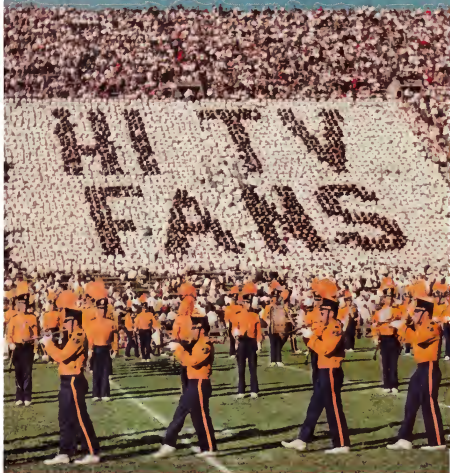
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NOVEMBER 25, 1955

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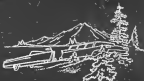


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COVER: USC CARD STUNT
Photograph by Ernst Haas

Articles begin on page 61

A unique custom of West Coast football will be on the nation's TV screens this Saturday when USC and UCLA perform their animated card stunts. This week's cover shows USC greeting the TV audience at last year's game. For a story on the backstage complex of TV's Game of the Week, turn to page 14.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED AT MELBOURNE

DEC. 3 TEN PAGES OF WORDS AND PICTURES ON THE OPENING CEREMONIES AND THE FIRST EVENTS

Also a football double-header: a close look at the N.Y. Giants' old pro, Charley Conerly, facing the Chicago Bears, plus a five-page preview of the Army-Navy game



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

Are women at a handicap competing against men in a horse show? (Asked at the National Horse Show)



GENERAL HUMBERTO MARILES

*Captain
Mexican Army Team*



In the national competitions they are at a handicap. The average women riders do not ride as well as men. Their sense of timing is not on a par with men. The best women riders are excellent indeed, and in the international horse shows, where only the best compete, they are not handicapped at all.

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III



No. Skill and sensitivity are more important than strength, even with jumpers, where weight is also a great factor. A woman weighs 110-120 pounds; a man, 150 or more. This gives women a great advantage. They may be at a disadvantage in a steeplechase, but not in a horse show.

BILLY STEINKRAUS

*Captain, U.S.
Equestrian Team*



No. We do give women a handicap in the international jumping events—which they don't need. The determining factor is a well-trained horse, not strength. The women are cool, levelheaded, determined competitors, and they're not soft. They take dead aim at you every time.

W. JOSHUA BARNEY JR.



*Vice-president and
secretary, National
Horse Show*

Women are at a handicap when competing with jumpers. They are not as strong as the male riders. Usually they are not as heavy, either, and they are given an additional weight handicap to compensate for their lack of strength. Only the top women riders don't need this handicap.

LIEUT. COLONEL DAN CONRY

*Captain
Irish Army Team*



The exceptional woman rider isn't at a disadvantage and doesn't need a handicap. She is the type who grows up with horses, knows them well and has muscles like a man. She is a beautiful specimen of womanhood. However, most women riders are not like that and they are at a handicap.

WALTER R. OEVEREUX



*President
National Horse Show*

Women are at a handicap with the jumpers, but they are top competitors with hunters. When competing with jumpers a woman must have an "easy" horse so she can control him. She is at a great disadvantage on an unruly horse. The really great jumpers have been ridden by men.

continued on next page



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HOTBOX

continued from page 5

ARTHUR GODFREY



TV personality and sportsman

Do you mean: Should women be given a handicap at a horse show? Heck, no! They certainly don't need handicaps in the show ring. Some of the women I know outride me, but they've never suggested giving me a handicap. A beautiful woman on a stunning Thoroughbred is hard to beat.

J. VINCENT WHOLEY



Assistant, National Horse Show

No. Women are attractive. Riding a horse, they complete a beautiful picture. A horse is never as beautiful as when ridden by a beautiful woman. Men may have more ability, but women have advantages of their own. No judge can help but be influenced by such a beautiful picture.

GENERAL ALFRED C. TUCKERMAN



Vice Chairman of the Board, National Horse Show

Definitely not. There are three good reasons. First, women weigh less. Second, they have lighter hands than men; as a result the horses are quieter and easier to handle. Third, more women than men who love to be seen in a horse show are riding and developing into good riders.

GENERAL GUY V. HENRY



Member of Board of Directors, National Horse Show

I'd say that the average woman is at a handicap competing against men. But the really good women riders don't need handicaps. They are as good as the top male riders and better than the others. I mean riders like Pat Smythe, Carol Durand, Shirley Thomas and Joan Flynn.

RICARDO ECHEVERRIA

Captain, Chilean
Equestrian Team



No. They are as good as men in all events. And that includes the jumpers because the horse is 80% and the rider is 20%. Women are not as strong as men, but sometimes that's better for the horse. If anything, the men need a handicap. A review of the top shows will prove it.

ELIZABETH BOSLEY

Rider of jumpers and
hunters



Men are better over a long spell. Even so, I don't think women should be given a handicap. They shouldn't compete against men if they are not good enough. Actually, a lot depends on the horse. I happen to be lucky. I own one of the best jumpers in the country and win my share.

BOB BALLARD

Captain, Canadian
Equestrian Team



No. In every horse event of any consequence, women are giving excellent performances. Percentage-wise, they do as well as men. If a determined woman makes up her mind to be a top rider, nothing stops her, not even a man. That is, if she really has an image of a horse in her heart.

NEXT WEEK:

What do you think of All-America football teams?
(Postponed from this week)

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*Actual Photograph, Tasting Committee**

ONWARD AND UPWARD with THE LOWER MONTGOMERY STREET OLIVE OR ONION SOCIETY

The question has been asked: Does the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society really exist? Yes, Virginia, there is a Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society. Its headquarters are in San Francisco, and its hindquarters extend the breadth of the nation.

Cresta Blanca had nothing to do with its founding. Matter of fact, Cresta Blanca was out of town that weekend. But the point is—with no prompting from Cresta Blanca, the Society's Tasting Committee, after gallons of research, formulated a recipe for the Ideal Dry Martini.

Here is the Society's official recipe:

3 parts dry gin,

1 part Cresta Blanca White Vermouth.

This makes a civilized, somewhat spiritual martini white as gin itself. Served well-iced, with the foggy, foggy dew forming on a clear crystal glass, it's a bothe of voluptuous but elusive little flavors. It's a vigorous martini, rich in the flavor of joviality and good fellowship. It is not a lampshade-on-the-head and you-probably-won't-like-this-but-there's-something-you-ought-to-know-for-your-own-good martini. It has polish, finish and finesse. There is wit and warmth in every drop.

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Newspapers: Earl Bayton
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta,
Boston, Dallas, Houston, Denver, San Francisco,
Seattle, Omaha, Montreal, Toronto (Lawrence Lay-
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London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Madrid, Johannesburg,
Beirut, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Hong Kong,
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gkok, Lima (Manfred Gaudier, Chief of Correspondents).

Publisher R. H. S. Phillips Jr.
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Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and Mexico
Postmaster: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, Inc., 47 90,
Newspaper edition in Atlanta and Hawaii, 3 yr.
\$10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00. Please
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

DURING ITS two-year running preview of the Olympics leading up to the Games which begin this week in Melbourne, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has had more than one occasion to present the Olympic ideal as it has appeared to the many and different people devoted to it.

When Avery Brundage discussed it with Robert Creamer (*SI*, Feb. 6) he said:

"My first allegiance is to a principle—the principle of the Olympic movement as stated by the Baron de Coubertin 60 years ago. It is simply this: that sport, in addition to building strong and healthy bodies and developing a man's character—his self-control, poise, perseverance and so on—has definite moral virtue. Fair play and good sportsmanship are an integral part of sport, and what are they? They're no more nor less than an expression of the Golden Rule. Sport, in other words, is a valuable and desirable part of life."

With this definition of the Olympic ideal **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** agrees. And it came naturally to mind when one of our frequent contributors, Sparse Grey Hackle, wrote us about the American Olympic Canoe Trials, which he attended in September.

"The highlight of the trials was Dave Merwin of Canton, Ohio, who in an old racing canoe had trained alone all summer without coaching. Although beautiful examples of woodworking skill, canoes quickly lose their speed with age; and Merwin's was seven years old. But for the trials he did



what others did—put his canoe stop his ear and proceeded at his own expense to Lake Sebago, N.Y.

"His competitors of course immediately gathered round to look him over. With head-shaking sympathy they quickly condemned his canoe.

"'No chance with that scow,' one said. 'My partner and I got a new boat from Sweden three weeks ago. You'd better use that.'

"Merwin did and placed second at 10,000 meters. Then the next day, in the same canoe, he roared through the 1,000 meters and made the team.

"'Now you'll need a good boat to train in,' the lender said. 'Keep it until we go to Australia.'"

The story seems to underline the strength and lasting vitality of the Olympic ideal.

Harry Phillips

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23

Boxing

- Gaspard Ortega vs. Tony DeMarco, welterweights (10 rds.), Madison Square Garden, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Show

Chicago Int'l. Horse Show, Chicago

Melbourne Olympics

Finals of high jump, discus (women), 10,000-meter run.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24

Basketball

Professional

- Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston
- New York vs. Rochester, New York
- St. Louis vs. Minneapolis, St. Louis

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

- Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge, Mass.
- Pittsburgh vs. Penn State, Pittsburgh
- Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, N.J., 1:30 p.m. (CBS*)

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Florida vs. Georgia Tech, Jacksonville
- Louisiana State vs. Arkansas, Shreveport, La., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS*)
- North Carolina vs. Duke, Chapel Hill, N.C.
- Rice vs. Texas Christian, Houston
- SMU vs. Baylor, Dallas
- Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn.

WEST

- Iowa vs. Notre Dame, Iowa City, Iowa, 2:15 p.m. (Metnet)
- Northwestern vs. Illinois, Evanston, Ill.
- Ohio State vs. Michigan, Columbus, Ohio, 1:30 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS* ABC)
- Oklahoma vs. Nebraska, Norman, Okla.
- Wisconsin vs. Minnesota, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST

- California vs. Stanford, Berkeley, Calif.
- UCLA vs. USC, Los Angeles, 1:15 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC) Men to watch: UCLA's Schenker (41) and USC's Roberts (42).

Horse Racing

- Preakness Stakes, \$25,000, 2-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m., Pimlico, Md., about 3:30 p.m. (CBS)

Melbourne Olympics

Finals of broad jump, 400-meter hurdles, 100-meter run.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Grand National Championship Race, Concord, N.C.
- NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Gardens, Calif.

Basketball

Professional

- Fort Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, Ind.
- Rochester vs. New York, Rochester

Football

(Leading college games)

- Baltimore vs. Los Angeles, Baltimore
- Chicago Cardinals vs. Pittsburgh, Chicago
- Cleveland vs. Washington, Cleveland
- New York vs. Chicago Bears, New York
- Philadelphia vs. San Francisco, Philadelphia

Hockey

- New York vs. Montreal, New York
- Boston vs. Toronto, Boston
- Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago

Track

- AAU 10,000-meter run, Culver City, Calif.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26

Boxing

- Izabo Scaibichew vs. Hardy Smallwood, middleweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, N.Y., 10:30 p.m. (DuMont-TV, Metnet-radio)

Cross Country

18th Annual NCAA championships, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Mich.

Melbourne Olympics

Finals of pole vault, javelin, 800-meter run, 100-meter run (women).

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27

Basketball

Professional

- New York vs. Fort Wayne, Syracuse vs. Rochester, New York

Melbourne Olympics

Finals of hop, step & jump, discus, broad jump (women), 200-meter run, rowing (all classes)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28

Boxing

- Willi Hoepner vs. Chuck Spenser, light heavyweights (10 rds.), Milwaukee, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Hockey

- New York vs. Boston, New York

Horse Racing

Inaugural Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 5 1/2 f., Tropical Park, Fla.

Melbourne Olympics

Finals of shotput, javelin (women), 110-meter hurdles, 5,000-meter run, 80-meter hurdles (women).

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29

Basketball

Professional

- Syracuse vs. Fort Wayne, Syracuse, N.Y.

Football

(Leading college game)

- Texas A&M vs. Texas, College Station, Texas

Hockey

- Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago
- Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal

Melbourne Olympics

Finals of epee team & foil individual (women), decathlon (1st half), steeplechase, 400-meter run.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- Georgia Tech vs. Duke, Atlanta
- Idaho State College Tournament (through Dec. 1), (Professional)
- Boston vs. Fort Wayne, Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia

Boxing

- Archie Moore vs. Floyd Patterson, heavyweight (10 rds.), Chicago, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Melbourne Olympics

Finals of decathlon (2nd half), shotput (women), 200-meter run (women), 10,000 meter kayaks & Canadians (canoeing), 100-meter freestyle, 200-meter breaststroke (women).

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- Bridgeport vs. Manhattan, Bridgeport, Conn.
- Kansas State vs. Houston, Manhattan, Kans.
- Kentucky vs. Washington, Lexington, Ky.
- Michigan State vs. Iowa State, East Lansing, Mich.
- Nevada vs. Colgate, Geneseo vs. Syracuse, Baitalia, N.Y.
- North Carolina State vs. Pittsburgh, Raleigh, N.C.
- West Virginia vs. VMI, Morgantown, W. Va.
- Wisconsin vs. South Dakota, Madison, Wis.
- Yale vs. Amherst, New Haven, Conn.

continued on page 28

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STUDENT MANAGER
BUSINESS MANAGER

HEAD COACH
AND STAFF

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
November 26, 1956

GREATEST SHOW

THIS HAPPY cast of characters you see grinning out at you above is not, as you might suspect, the out-of-town company of *Thel's My Boy*. It's actually the operating management of the biggest knothole gang in the world, the one which pokes an electronic hole in the fence at the nation's top football game each week and lets 25 million freeloaders look in on the off chance they might buy, for the privilege, an electric razor, a jar of headache pills, a

set of tires, some greaseless hair tonic or even a hearing aid.

For this is the TV Game of the Week crew which this Saturday will stab the Big Eye through the sun and smog of the Los Angeles Coliseum and give the public its current drama in two acts starring the Saturday matinee idols of the University of Southern California and UCLA, a 1956 version of the greatest show on earth replete with daring acrobatics, death-defying leaps, hairbreadth escapes, deft



BAND	CHEERLEADERS	ALUMNI ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE	PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER
SCOREBOARD OPERATOR	CONCESSIONAIRE	OFFICIALS (UMPIRE, REFEREE, FIELD JUDGE, HEAD LINESMAN, BACK JUDGE)	
TRAINER, TRAINING TABLE CHIEF	TICKET MANAGER	MEDICAL AIDES	
ASSISTANT TRAINER	STUDENT ASSISTANT	SPECIAL DOCTOR, TEAM SURGEON	

ON EARTH

ballets, brassy music, crazy clowns and even an occasional wild animal or two. And it's brought to you 13 times a season by the National Broadcasting Company (and Zenith Radio, U.S. Rubber, Bristol-Myers, Sunbeam, Minneapolis-Honeywell, Liggett & Myers and the American Machine & Foundry Co.) at the cost of \$3 million—all for free. As you will see from the portrait above, this extravaganza involves everyone from Latin professor to candy butcher and it is

TV's Game of the Week moves west to watch USC play UCLA. Artist Joe Kaufman illustrates the enormous preparation it takes to put it on

by JAMES MURRAY

the most eye-catching, outsize phenomenon in sport history.

Quarterbacking this whole massive operation are the men huddled around the Eye itself—Announcer Lindsey Nelson, Producer Perry Smith and Director Harry Coyle. The eye of the public will be on the game, but its ears and attention will be on them and how well they do their job. It's part of broadcasting lore, apocryphal or

text continued on page 13

CASTING

The actors in Saturday's football drama are selected with infinite diligence by eager talent scouts. After he is enrolled the young prospect must then be tutored in the niceties of the game and cast in the role best suited to his particular talents.



UNDER APPROVING EYES OF THE PARENTS THE SCOUTS FROM THE MAJOR COLLEGES ENTICE THE

PRODUCING

Meanwhile, the endless preparations for the big show are under way backstage as cross-country schedules are arranged, stadia built and groomed to house the big act, intricate designs for victory drawn and dazzling, gaudy costumes selected.



THE SCHEDULES FOR FUTURE SEASONS ARE PLANNED BY THE ATHLETIC DIRECTOR AND LEAGUE



GROOMING

Once the production is arranged, the performers are assembled to learn their parts. First they must be groomed and nurtured and posed for publicity. Their muscular mechanism must be tuned, each part rehearsed to the edge of perfection.



PREPARATION BEGINS IN EARLY FALL WHEN THE PLAYER RETURNS TO COLLEGE FOR PRACTICE.

STAGING

The curtain is now almost ready to go up. The staging crew prepares a backdrop for the spectacle—prancing cheerleaders, marching bands and, of course, the star you saw of any American pageant, the hot dog and the soft drink are made ready.



THE COLLEGE'S COMELIEST GOERS COMPETE FOR CHEERLEADING JOBS. FAITHFUL OLD GRAD



YOUNG HIGH SCHOOL STAR WITH ROBY DESCRIPTIONS OF THEIR COLLEGES. ONCE ENROLLED, THE YOUNG MAN'S WORK HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN



OFFICIALS: THE ALUMNI KICK IN TO THE BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE FUND, THE COACHES PREPARE STRATEGY AND SELECT EQUIPMENT

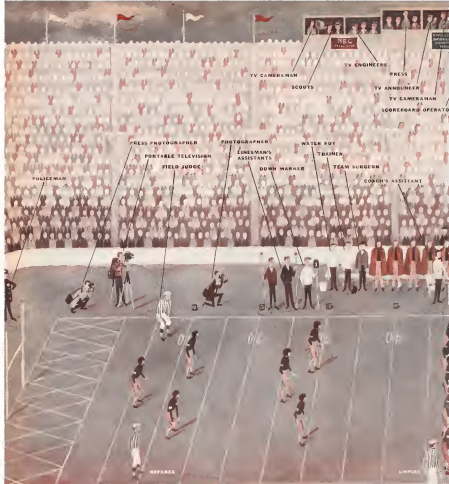


TRAINING TABLE DIET, PUBLICITY PICTURES, MEDICAL CHECKUPS, ELIGIBILITY FORMS AND SCRIMMAGE ARE ALL PART OF THE ROUTINE



PLAY HOST TO THEIR CLASSMATES WHILE RABED, TV AND PRESS ARE ON HAND TO RECORD THE EVENT FOR THOSE WHO COULD NOT MAKE IT

AND FINALLY . . .



THE GAME

NOW IT IS SATURDAY AFTERNOON. THE STANDS ARE FULL, AND MILLIONS MORE AWAIT THE GREAT MOMENT ON TV.

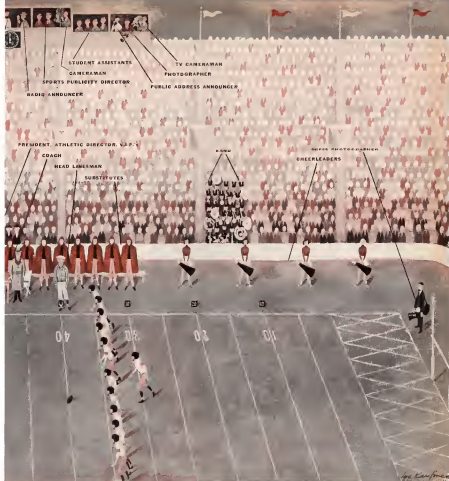
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH *continued from page 15*

not, that some years ago a rich and famous sportscaster was calling a Notre Dame game on the radio when a half-back, whom we shall call Christopher Marlowe, broke loose for a touchdown. Our myopic announcer thought it was another back whom we shall call Witlessowski and the fellow was describing Witlessowski's run with shrill terror: "He's on the 40, the 35, the 25—" Suddenly he became aware that his spotter was giving him a frantic wave-off and uttering soundlessly, "Marlowe . . . Marlowe!" Our announcer never missed a syllable. Remember,

this was radio. "And on the 20, Witlessowski laterals the ball off to Marlowe and he goes in for a Notre Dame touchdown!" he shrieked triumphantly.

This quick thinking did not go unnoticed—or unresented—in the industry, and some weeks later our announcer was in Toots Shor's when he spotted fellow Announcer Ted Husing. "Ted," he purred, "I have a chance to do the Belmont Park races this fall. Can you give me some tips on horse race broadcasting?" Husing shook his head. "I'm sorry, old man," he said, "you can't lateral off a race horse."

The point is, you can't lateral off a football player any more, either. And no one is more aware of this than the



THE 22 YOUNG PERFORMERS, CONDITIONED AND COSTUMED, ARE READY. NO MATTER THE OUTCOME, THE SHOW IS BOUND TO BE A SUCCESS

dapper, unruffled narrator of the NBC-TV Game of the Week, Lindsey Nelson.

"The thing you've got to remember in TV-casting," notes Lindsey carefully, "is that the man at home has got a better seat than you have. He can see the play better and closer than you can. And there's nothing more irritating than to have someone tell you something happened that you know damn well didn't happen."

The reason the character on the receiving end of the microwave relay knows it didn't happen is that he, thanks to NBC, is seeing the game with five eyes, each of which has a depth of focus and angle of vision deeper and wider than he could ever hope for. There may be as many as five

separate cameras focused on the Game of the Week even though only one view at a time goes out to the 21-inch screens. The No. 1 camera sits at one anchor of the press box, usually the 20-yard line. The second and third are on the roof of the press box at the 50-yard line. The fourth is on the 20-yard line at the other end of the field. And a fifth—with an intricate 60-inch lens so penetrating it can show only microscopic action like the measurement for a first down—is lashed onto a portal at midfield a little above field level. Zoomar elements of varying intensity are affixed to each of the other cameras so as to be able to bring the action from closeup to panorama with a twist of the dial.

continued on page 69

EVERYBODY GETS INTO THE ACT

By the time the Greatest Show on Earth is ended on Saturday afternoon everyone from spectators to subs has had a part

WHEN THE CURTAIN goes up on the TV Game of the Week between USC and UCLA this Saturday, everyone—from the fan in the highest seat on the tall concrete rim of vast Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum to the patient reserves warming the bench—will be a performer in the biggest, brassiest, loudest, greatest sports show on earth. That adds up to a cast somewhere close to 100,000, a fittingly grandiose spectacle for a production taking place on the outskirts of Hollywood. This will be football western style—a pageant that is as different from the restrained enthusiasm of the Ivy League as the high-pitched call of the carnival barker from the well-modulated tones to be heard at a literary tea. It is the spontaneous outburst of a city where no service station is christened without a battery of searchlights to sweep the sky in flamboyant reminder.

It is an afternoon with a truly exuberant flavor and, hoping that an unjudged palate might best catch the taste of the day, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** last year sent talented Austrian Photographer Ernst Haas to the scene of action. The next four pages carry—in all the harsh subtropical color of the area—the record his camera retained of this splendid show.

When USC and UCLA meet, it is the big game of the sun country and, in terms of the number of people on hand, it is even bigger than its older, more conservative counterpart in northern California—the Big Game between California and Stanford. To the millions of new residents in this, the nation's third largest metropolitan area, it is Yale-Harvard, Army-Navy and possibly even Oxford-Cambridge rolled into one. It is not old as football rivalries go, but it is growing traditions of its own at a great rate.

The football game itself, of course, is much the same as football everywhere. But in the window dressing the influence of neighboring Hollywood has rubbed off on the students who stage the performance, and the TV screens will reflect a good deal of this at half time. The unique part of the spectacle—the contribution the West Coast has added to the football extravaganza—is in the meticulously drilled rooting sections which will demonstrate their ingenious animated card tricks while the football teams are resting.

On the opposite page, the UCLA card section is busy spelling out a greeting to the USC section across the field. The mechanics of card sections are fairly simple, but first

of all they require a warm climate so the rooster can shed his jacket to provide a solid background of white shirts. To begin with, the designs are drawn on graph paper by student managers. Each student in the section is then provided with five cards, colored on each side, and his instructions are fastened to the backrest of the seat in front of him. At a signal from the cheerleader the cards are flipped. In the more elaborate productions, they are flipped in sequence to provide motion.

All of this got started, oddly enough, in Corvallis, Oregon. Back in 1924, a postgraduate Oregon State student named Linsley Bothwell equipped his 500-man rooting section with cards, and the first animated stunt in history showed a beaver (the OSC mascot) with a big tail standing over a huge lemon-yellow O (symbolizing the Beavers' opponent that day, the University of Oregon). At a signal the beaver brought his tail down on the O, demolishing it and providing a source of fun and entertainment which has survived the years. Bothwell, as one might suspect, hailed from southern California.

Bothwell's pioneering did not go unnoticed and, in 1925, the University of Southern California took a try when their yell leader Burdette Henney devised a stunt in which the USC mascot, the Trojan horse, winked its eye and bucked. By 1931, UCLA was using card stunts, and the following year the Uclans animated their pictures in the growing vogue. UCLA moved a step ahead in the art and science of card pictography in 1935, when Yell Leader Maury Grossman directed 1,000 students in electric displays during a night game against the University of Hawaii. The lights formed a hula girl swaying her hips amid palm trees to the accompaniment of some music from a Walt Disney movie. At the 1954 Rose Bowl game UCLA took cognizance of technological improvements and unveiled what it called a "wide-screen UCLArama," in which a total of 3,456 students were card holders. This was the biggest card stunt on record at that time. And next Saturday the UCLA and USC cheering sections will be the largest yet.

—TEX MAULE

"UCLArama," the Bruins' outsize card section, shows the Hollywood influence





UCLA team is power in rhythm as it serpentine out of huddle. Strong-side end



leads players to scrimmage, goes either to right or to left side depending on play



Trojan bench dons visors to shade eyes from brilliant southern California glare
UCLA's Bruin Band lends a festival note for the TV color spectacle at half time



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

CONCERT PITCH IN MELBOURNE • IOWA LOOKS WEST • SANTEE'S
RUN FOR THE MONEY • GOLDFISH IN NATURE • THE NCAA'S STAR
CHAMBER • A SKULL CRACKS IN DALLAS • CALLS TO THE WILD

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

IN MELBOURNE it was difficult to realize that world tension had threatened, only a fortnight ago, to turn the 1956 Olympic Games into a bitter burlesque. Athletes from 68 competing nations were on hand, the protests of dissidents were stilled, and the sports-intoxicated continent of Australia awaited the opening of the Games with a pride and an excitement which were irresistible. Both wild anticipation and awful suspense were combined in the news from down under, but the news itself was straight off the performance track: the U.S. team was demonstrating runaway speed in pre-Games meets, and World-record Miller John Landy, after a year of preparation, seemed hardly able to run at all.

Ten thousand Aussies jammed into the little town of Bendigo (probably the only municipality in the world named for a bare-knuckle prize fighter) to watch the Americans perform; a good many of them left in genuine awe. The track—of grass on a cinder base—was obviously fast, and almost every event resembled a rocket launching. Five Australian records fell. California's Leamon King equaled the world record of 9.3 in the 100; Bobby Morrow raced a 220 in 20.9; Parry O'Brien tossed the shot 60 feet 8¾ inches, and Charley Dumas loafed over the high jump at 6 feet 9 inches. Half-miler Tom Courtney switched to the quarter for fun and ran 47.5.

Californian Jack Davis—though the track slanted uphill for a bit before sloping down again—raced over the 120-yard high hurdles in 13.3 to crack his own world record.

The heartbreaking trials and tribulations of John Landy were much more

difficult to assess. Though no man has yet touched his world record of 3:58 in the mile, he has been twice beaten in four-minute miles—by Roger Bannister and Jim Bailey. For a year he has hoped to perform a supreme act of self-justification in the Olympics. But until recently he has suffered from inflamed tendons in both legs, and last week, when he ran a trial two-mile in a night meet at Geelong, he failed badly. A crowd of 20,000 uttered a long "a-a-a-h" of relief as he tried to move up in the fourth lap, then sat, despondent, as he fell back again, face distorted and his rhythm faulty, to finish 11th in a field of 13. "I was frozen from the ankles up," he muttered afterward. But he felt no pain the following day and, after a workout, announced that he was "fit and happy."

Australia (and all the world) could only wait and hope that Landy—perhaps the most dramatic single figure in the Games—would finally surmount his troubles. The Aussies were able, however, to enjoy one moment of national satisfaction last week after three Germans, lately arrived to see the Games, complained they could not get tickets. Since the Germans had paddled 25,000 miles in a canoe to get to Australia, tickets were duly obtained for them.

TALL CORN DAY IN IOWA

IOWA is a small-town state whose good people find a Big Ten football game an excellent occasion to whoop and holler a week's orneriness away.

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• RSVP to the U.S.S.R.

AAU officials in Melbourne accepted a Russian invitation for American athletes to compete in a huge track meet in Moscow next July. A home-and-home arrangement would bring Russians to U.S. (Los Angeles or New York) in 1958. Chief condition: removal of requirement that visitors to U.S. be fingerprinted.

• Off and On Again, but Not Gone Again

Switzerland, reconsidering its withdrawal from Olympics, could find no air transport left for team of 65. Swiss appeal for a U.S. Air Force airlift seems unlikely to succeed since the U.S.'s own Olympians had to raise their own funds, pay fares on commercial planes.

• Cheer in Seattle, Gloom in Detroit

The racing commission of the American Power Boat Association held a second hearing and voted a second time for Seattle's *Miss Thurferry* as winner over Detroit's *Miss Pepsi* in the bitterly disputed 1956 Gold Cup race. A motion is still before Michigan courts to call the whole race "no contest."

• Classified Intelligence

Public notice in the New York *Herald Tribune* following Yale's 42-20 victory over Princeton last Saturday; reprinted in its entirety.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 25

Compound this fact of midwestern life with the appetite Iowa fans acquired in 34 years without a Big Ten title (and no trip to the Rose Bowl) and you have the makings of an earthquake in the normally calm corn-and-hog belt. Last Saturday in Iowa City when Iowa's overlooked football team upset Ohio State (see page 29), thereby winning themselves a Rose Bowl trip and a share of the Big Ten championship, the rumble and roar was considerable.

The pandemonium, which was to prevail all weekend, began even before the game was over, when hundreds of fans poured onto the field only to find Ohio State players on their own 3-yard line and still interested in trying one more desperate play. Referees finally cleared the field, the game ended, and the madness officially began.

Several score Boy Scouts, whose assigned task was to keep the crowd of 57,782 off the field, fled before the onrush of fans. Iowa's 110-piece marching band paraded riotously; fireworks exploded, and in Elvis Presley-fan fashion an Iowa coed screamed to a duty-bound policeman:

"Let me touch Kenny!" This, of course, would be Kenny Ploen, a grimy-faced senior from Clinton, Iowa who threw the winning pass.

Then, while hundreds of fans chanted the *Song of the Volga Boatmen*, sturdy sons of Iowa tugged on cables thrown over the crossbars and heaved and strained until they had dismantled the goalposts, which were of steel set in concrete.

With a burst of imagination, one student hurried to the Rock Island Railroad station and asked how much to rent a boxcar to Pasadena. More or less seriously, he was quoted a price of \$1,000, with room for 30 persons on a bring-your-own-blanket basis.

That night, at a victory celebration in the Iowa Memorial Union, Harvey Davis, university provost, solemnly advised 2,000 cheering students that there would be two additional days of Christmas vacation this year.

"An excellent victory deserves one day," he said in measured academic voice, "and an extraordinary one deserves two."

VERDICT IN WINNIPEG

YOU may have missed it because U.S. newspapers (even those in his old home town of Chicago) seem to have overlooked the story, but Leo Schaeffer,

proprietor of the oldest established permanent floating football pool in North America, and four of his associates pleaded guilty last week to a charge (SI, Nov. 12) of running a betting house in Winnipeg.

Altogether it was an embarrassing experience for a man of Leo's reputation. The sentence was 10 months in jail or a \$10,000 fine for each of the five men—and among them they had only \$30,000 with them. Most of this, moreover, was in U.S. currency, so they had to ante up an additional \$500 to make up the exchange difference which currently favors the Canadian over the American dollar.

The Winnipeg magistrate had the last word. "This gambling was on a very large scale," he said. "It's something that has to be discouraged."

A FRUSTRATED PRO

WES SENTER's article of confession in a recent issue of LIFE—in which he openly revealed, just as the 1956 Olympic Games were about to begin in Australia, the sums of excess expense money he had accepted for running the mile in various track meets during his somewhat tainted amateur career—served to swing the spotlight momentarily back on a lonely young man who, if he had conducted himself otherwise, might well have been the favorite in the classic Olympic 1,500-meter run.

Santee is, of course, an athletic tragedy, a man cut down by legality in the prime of his career. He is bitter about it and (human nature being what it is) lays about him with angry words. He names names of track meet promoters and lists large sums of money he says they paid him—which makes them as guilty of violating the amateur code as he was.

But the real tragedy of the whole situation seems to lie in the fact that nowhere in his public confession does Santee give any impression whatever that he feels he did anything wrong in accepting money to run, even though he was competing, ostensibly, as an amateur in what were, ostensibly, amateur track meets. He does not seem disturbed by the betrayal of the amateur idea by those who paid him while supposedly upholding amateurism. Rather, he seems to accuse them, and indeed the AAU itself, of sham and hypocrisy in making it so difficult for him to receive just payment for his labors. Santee, in other words, appears not as a compromised amateur but as a frustrated professional with a thor-

oughly professional attitude: competing as a topflight runner is hard work and should be paid for.

All this brings to mind the words of Dr. Harvie Branscomb, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, who was quoted here two weeks ago on the subjects of amateurism and sportsmanship.

"Sportsmanship means basic moral character," said Dr. Branscomb. "The Code of Sportsmanship [is not] a set of moral maxims . . . but a part of the happy injunction to 'play the game.' . . . We have all heard and said much about the dangers of commercialism in amateur sport, and they are real. Instead of the game, the money becomes the chief thing and one plays not for fun, friendship and glory but for the publicity and the signed offer. . . . We cannot have amateur players and commercial management. The institutions which sponsor our athletics will have to be challenged to remain amateur also."

ALL THAT GLITTERS

IN RECENT, prosperous years the goldfish has gone the way of the hand-rolled cigarette and the windup phonograph—something fancier and higher-priced has just about taken over the field. Tropical fish, in limitless varieties and shapes and colors, now dominate the country's living-room aquariums. But when vacation time comes, and the family ponders the fish problem and decides it would be more humane to pour the poor creatures into the nearest lake than to let them starve in the tank, guess who survives? If anybody does, it's the goldfish.

Take Upper Echo Lake, near Mountaintop, N.J. Two years ago the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission



stocked the lake with largemouth bass. This fall, curious to see how the bass were doing, game biologists lowered the water level and had a look. The bass were there, all right, and had grown from fingerlings to handsome specimens of 13½ inches. But the real owners of the lake were the goldfish. And they weren't the tiny, fragile creatures that had glittered in Mountain-side aquariums; they were a foot long and weighed a pound.

The curious thing was they were all a foot long and weighed a pound. There

continued on page 28



"The way I get it, we invented the damn thing, we'd better win it."

continued from page 28

were no young fish—only full-grown ones. One possible explanation is that the goldfish, following the mysterious habit of their relatives the carp, just decided not to spawn for a few seasons.

On the other hand the answer may be found in the stomachs of the large-mouth bass. Game fish find goldfish irresistible. In fact, New Jersey law forbids the use of a goldfish as bait on the ground that it is absolutely sure-fire; no game fish can refuse one. So it may be that the bass, having grown large enough to eat all the little goldfish, had done so; and after that were just waiting around till they were big enough to eat the grown ones.

Who would have won this battle for survival nobody will ever know, for the Fish and Game biologists stepped in and stopped the fight. They put a notice in the local papers asking people please not to put any more goldfish in Upper Echo Lake. Then they drained off most of the water, removing the bass as they did so. What happened next suggests that if the struggle had been allowed to continue, the smart money would have been on the goldfish. They survived the drain-off by taking refuge in potholes, and finally had to be dispatched with Rotenone—three times the normal dose. The total haul for the nine-acre lake was 800 glittering pounds.

PENALTIES

IN DETROIT last week a 16-man subcommittee of the National Collegiate Athletic Association imposed a number of stern new penalties for recruiting excesses.

North Carolina State was suspended from championship play (including bowl games) for four years.

Ohio State and the University of Southern California drew penalties stronger than those already imposed by their conferences; sanctions now include all athletic teams at the two schools, not just the football teams.

Texas A&M and the University of Miami, who had asked good-conduct paroles from two-year probationary sentences they are already serving, were turned down.

Miami and A&M—who had been hoping for reprieves that would let them play in bowl games—took out their feelings on the week's opponents. A&M whacked Rice 21-7, and Miami clouted hitherto unbeaten Clemson with a firm 21-0.

Otherwise, the chief reactions from the penalized colleges were such questions as "Who, me?" and "Why?"

Unfortunately, the procedures of the NCAA in such cases remarkably resemble the procedures of Venice's venerable Council of Ten. Like the Doges, the NCAA displays, nowadays, an unblinking interest in law enforcement but seems reluctant to publish the evidence, in testimony or affidavits, which leads to its verdicts. Until it does, penalized colleges are perfectly entitled to exclaim, "Who, me?" And the public is entitled to wonder.

MAN WANTED

A DALLAS wrestling promoter named Ed McLemore faces a damage suit of \$54,600 because of the result of a chain of events that started when he allegedly called a wrestler "mean, villainous, hard-hearted, merciless, cruel, cheating, sneaky, unsportsmanlike and cowardly."

A citizen named J. W. Whitaker, who filed the suit, claims that those unkind words about a wrestler aroused the fans to a high emotional pitch, caused them to "hate the wrestler," and resulted in a flying bottle, aimed at said wrestler, glancing off his own head, giving him a skull fracture.

McLemore denied he billed a wrestler as such a despicable character, and said he certainly was never sued for slander by any wrestler. But what's worrying McLemore, along with the suit, is the identity of the wrestler. The incident happened in the spring of 1953, he says, and his records of the show burned up a short time later.

He'd like to know the fellow's name. Anyone who can stir up so much furor

might be worth bringing back. Mean, villainous, hard-hearted, merciless, cruel, cheating, sneaky, unsportsmanlike, cowardly wrestlers will apply in Dallas for steady employment.

NEW MEXICO PIONEER

THE MOST avidly followed short radio program in New Mexico during the hunting season is a thrice-daily outdoor commentary by Frank Joyce over Station KOB in Albuquerque. The thing that makes Joyce's Coors Calling show outstanding (Coors is the name of the beer sponsor) is the unique service it offers. The five-minute programs have become a clearing house for emergency messages for hunters, who religiously tune Joyce in—via car radios and portables—just before sunup, at noon and again just after sundown. Messages range from reports of death or sickness in the family to a recent message to a Santa Fe man urging him to return home because "your wife just called and said you forgot your tent."

Occasionally Joyce is asked to get word to an atomic physicist to return to Los Alamos or to a high-ranking military man to report to his service installation. When classified information is involved, Joyce says something in innocuous double talk, such as, "I'm trying to locate a John Jones from Los Alamos, hunting with a party in the Gila Wilderness. If anybody sees him, tell him to get in touch with Harry."

The other day he offered his sympathy to four hunters in the Pecos area because they were going to have a long walk ahead of them. Their poorly tethered horses had broken loose and returned home, Joyce had been informed.

"Sorry you have to walk," said Joyce, "but at least you won't have to waste a lot of time looking for the horses."

Along with the messages, Joyce gives a staccato rundown on weather and hunting conditions, a report on hunting casualties coupled with a stern warning to be more careful ("You guys have just got to learn to carry your guns right") and taped interviews with hunters in the field.

But the message service is unquestionably the most appealing part of the program. Think, for instance, of all the New Mexicans who glowed with vicarious parental pride last year when Joyce broadcast a message to a hunter in the Jemez Mountains to hurry home because his wife had just had her baby.

"Don't you get to worrying and drive too fast," warned the folksy Joyce. "She's just fine, and so is your new daughter."



CONTRACT TROUBLE

Let's all consider Potter's case.
His wife, not thinking, trampled his ace,
So Potter
Shot her.

—WALTER BINGHAM

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

BEST CATCH OF THE YEAR

As Iowa End Jim Gibbons (88) reached up, without breaking stride, to haul in Kenny Ploen's soft, 17-yard, third-quarter pass in the end zone, Iowa's 34-year itch was over: beating Ohio State 6-0, the triumphant Hawkeyes clinched a tie for the Big Ten title and a first Rose Bowl trip



SNIFFING ROSES, Tackle Alex Karras dreams of bowl glory for Iowa at Pasadena.



THE SPIRIT OF MELBOURNE



SMILING divers Udalov Genadi (U.S.S.R.), Jeanne Stunyo (left), Barbara Gilders (both U.S.) enjoy poolside break



LUKE-PLAYING Czech Cycling Coach Charley Doucek (left) strums serenades under Olympic Village dorm windows.

World tensions and differences of language and custom proved no barrier to competitors in the Olympic Village who found quick camaraderie on sport's common ground



OBLIGING Italian athlete, Giovanni Lievore, autographs the forearms of Australian Olympic Village staff members.



LINDY-HOPPING hop, step and jumper Bill Sharpe and broad jumper Willie White demonstrate U.S. jive in rec room.



PIGGY-BACKING featherweight weight lifting competitors Isaac Berger (top) and Ivan Udovov give novel boost to U.S.-Russian amity.



COMPARING friendly weapons are (left to right) Javelineers Anna Wojtaszek, Kogeln Koksjewka, Marjorie Larney and Ursula Figwer.



THE EXACT MOMENT

Richard Meek, aboard the schooner "Barlovento," had camera and eye ready when, like a ghostly bedsheet, a wayward spinnaker on the Naval Academy yawl "Boyona"

streamed over Chesapeake Bay in a 27-mph northeaster as her crew struggled to lower sail. Despite the mishap, the 71-foot craft won the 100-mile Skipper race off Annapolis



LAST CHANCE FOR OLD ARCH

by MARTIN KANE

JUST AN OLYMPIAD AGO, in 1952, which was the year Archie Moore won the light heavyweight championship of the world with style and grace, Floyd Patterson stepped down the ramp from the Helsinki Flyer, a proud and bappy boy of 17. He had just won the Olympic middleweight boxing championship for the United States. Now, only four years and 31 professional fights later, Patterson is to fight Moore for the world's heavyweight championship. Floyd's rise has been swift.

Against its swiftness, Moore's has been a slow and painful drag, now uphill, now down. Archie has had something like 160 fights. "So many," he says wearily, "I just stopped counting." He has lost some by decision and some by knockout. He has won most by power and guile. A year ago last September he lost the biggest of them all to Champion Rocky Marciano, since retired. Now Moore's chance has come again. It may be too late.

For if Patterson beats Moore at the Chicago Stadium on the night of November 30, Patterson will be, at 21, the youngest ever to win the heavyweight championship. But it is ominous that if Moore beats Patterson he will be the oldest, even at his official age of 39, to take the title. Young or old, young is better, as Joe E. Lewis might say.

No heavyweight title bout ever has seen such extremes. They are not merely extremes of age and youth. One must go well back into heavyweight history to find packed into one mind and body the polished skills and ripe ring wisdom of Archie Moore. He has developed them over a score or more of years in fighting around the world, in Tasmania, Buenos Aires, Melbourne, Milwaukee and all such exotic places, wherever a matchmaker could find an opponent willing to meet him. Patterson admits that by comparison he is an unlettered tyro, though a studious one. "I still have a lot to learn," he said after his Hurricane Jackson fight.

Now the modest tyro, a fellow of few words, and the publicly boastful veteran, a man of many, are training in Chicago for what could spell the final defeat of Moore's career-long campaign for a championship worthy of his talents, the beginning of a reign of youth in the heavyweight division.

Moore will make a sturdy effort to keep obstreperous youth in its place. He began training gently, almost creakily, a few weeks back at his mountain ranch in southern California but stepped up the pace once he reached Chicago's Midwest Gym and sniffed blood in the air—from the stockyards, perhaps, or from IBC's stadium. He had treated sparring partners tenderly in California. In Chicago he blasted them to the canvas, even such sturdy fellows as Crowe Pelee, an LSU heavy recently turned promising pro. He took off girth which in California split trunks and sweat pants one afternoon when he bent his haunches in that old

Archie Moore comes up to his goal, the heavyweight championship of the world, for the last time and, at age 39, must win it against the odds of youth. Floyd Patterson, at 21, has speed and endurance going for him

familiar crouch. He curbed his passion for homemade vanilla ice cream, until after the fight. There's blood in his eye, these recent days, and protein in his diet.

Patterson, paying slight obeisance to Maestro Moore as a "patient fighter," trained at Sportsman's Park, a race track, under the eye of his shrewd manager, Gus D'Amato, who reads Freud and wears a Homburg. D'Amato's psychologically oriented upbringing of Patterson has followed the Pavlov principle, long honored in the training of dog acts. Every time Floyd fights well Gus rewards him with a gift, thus setting up a conditioned reflex. One recent day, after watching his fighter ride a palomino lead pony around the race track, Gus decided to present him with a saddle horse should he win the championship. Since Patterson is fond of horses and rides well, this promise presumably will set him to drooling like a Pavlov puppy when the timekeeper sounds the opening bell.

Patterson does his road work on the race track, boxes in a ring set up in the track's grandstand penthouse and sleeps in a jockey's room. Each night as he goes to bed D'Amato pulls his own bed across the entrance to Floyd's room and remains there until morning.

"I know I sound crazy guarding him like that," D'Amato explains, with a precautionary look over his shoulder at the menace of Chicago, "but I hear all these stories and you never know."

Patterson, like Moore, batted his sparring partners around as he always does and had no problems of weight or condition. His broken right hand gave no trouble.

But Patterson does have a basic trouble that could cost him dear. It is The Gazelle Punch, a Patterson original. (See *drawings* on page 35.) He has used it in just about all of his fights and still uses it in training, despite the agonies of D'Amato and Trainer Dan Florio, who are embarrassed by it. They have pleaded with him, but Patterson is a rattle lad. The punch, if that is the word for a blow delivered in mid-flight, is something on the order of a flying jab, though he may throw it as a right-hand lead too. It starts from a giveaway crouch, in which one of Patterson's feet is drawn far back and thus signals what is to come, and ends, when it misses, with Patterson scrambling his feet in an effort to recover balance. When it lands, no particular harm is done except to orthodoxy. The Gazelle has proved to be safe, though insane, against nonpunchers like Hurricane Jackson, but against Moore it could be suicidal. During his airborne period Floyd is wide open for a devastating counter which could slam him to the canvas stone-cold dead.

No opponent has yet countered it properly, and fighters, Pavlov-trained or not, learn mostly from experience. Patterson, thus far safe in using it, believes in the punch. But

(text continued on page 36)

FLOYD PATTERSON'S GLARING WEAKNESS



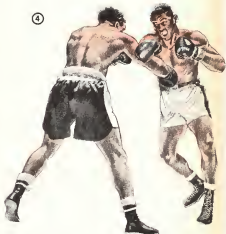
WATCH FOR The Gazelle Punch, a heretical Patterson assault that does little or no damage and is Floyd's greatest flaw. Sometimes thrown with the right hand, sometimes with the left, it is telegraphed by a low crouch, with one foot drawn far back.



GAZELLELIKE, Patterson leaps, aiming a right at Moore's head, but Archie avoids it easily by bobbing beneath the glove in a move that will permit him to bring his right hand into position for a quick counter. Patterson, being airborne, is defenseless.



FLOYD'S DESCENDING arm prevents a blow to his head, and so Moore's body swings to the left. Archie's right hand is now cocked, and his eye has picked out the target—Floyd's heart. Patterson's two feet are still well off the canvas, his body open.



MOORE'S POWERFUL right hand has found its mark, and Floyd's feet, characteristically, leave him momentarily off balance. He could go down for a count or, failing that, Moore could then employ a right-left to the head, among other possibilities.

LAST CHANCE FOR OLD ARCH

continued from page 25

In his brief career he has been exposed to few who knew enough to counter it, save for Joey Maxim; and Maxim, though he outpointed Floyd by official judgment, never had any more punch than a house cat. Patterson has yet to meet a boxer-puncher like Moore, who will be laying for The Gazette and knows what to do about it.

The unguided missile assault is not Patterson's only weakness. It is only his most obvious weakness. He can be countered also in other ways, as when, throwing a left hook, his right glove paws an area a yard from his unprotected head, high or low. There is no question that Moore will have opportunity to connect with a good punch.

Can Patterson take a good punch? Even he does not know. He has not been tested.

Patterson has his weaknesses then, but mostly he has strong points. He has, most obviously, youth. A faithful trainee between his infrequent bouts, Floyd should be in superb condition for this one. Youth and condition are sound assets, especially in a 15-round fight. Taken alone they would not be enough to dispose of Moore if Patterson were not, additionally, an excellent fighter. His hands are so fast that even Moore's magnificent ability to duck and slip punches, even Archie's fine blocking, cannot always prevail against them. Patterson does not, like Marciano, punch wildly. He has a specific target in mind at every moment, basing his attack on the "steady roll" principle—assault without surcease on the vital areas of the sides, the belly and the jaws. His combinations are calculated to punish an opponent in these sensitive spots.

But Archie is confident that he can avoid them. Whenever he goes he takes with him a film of the Marciano fight, and one night, after a stirring game of baguette in which he won 70¢ (he is perhaps our finest pinball machine player), Archie ran off the film. In the accompanying lecture he contended that in one round he caused Marciano to miss 29 straight punches. The badly cut film actually did show 12 straight misses in one prolonged assault, but its editing (it is an official IBC version) so favored Marciano that it seemed to have been prepared for screening by Al Weill. Archie's count could be accurate.

Moore is naturally proud of his defensive showing against the ring's most relentless punch thrower, but he makes a foolish virtue of the fact that in the ninth round he succumbed to Marciano's onslaught and was counted out.

"I was not knocked out," Archie insists. "I never lost consciousness. I just went down from exhaustion."

That is quite true, but not necessarily advantageous to Archie in his present situation. It provides a clue to the likely pattern of the coming fight. Patterson's corner anticipates that Archie will do his old act—an imitation of the chambered nautilus, in which he peers coyly out of his protective shell while awaiting the precise instant to change magically into a ravaging tiger and explode a lethal punch or two. The Patterson corner is aware that no heavyweight of today, except perhaps the newcomer Eddie Machen, can launch a finishing punch so suddenly and unexpectedly. But while Archie is crouching low, using arms, elbows and gloves to block in his own peculiarly effective style, ducking and weaving away from head blows with unwavering eyes ever on what's coming at him, Patterson will almost certainly be applying the precious lesson of the Marciano fight. It is, very simply, that a strong young fighter can lick an older man by using the unrelenting pressure that Rocky vented to take the last ounce of strength from his aging opponent. It is a dangerous strategy, as Marciano discovered when he was suddenly floored and knocked stupid in the second round, but it worked.

TWO FIGHTS AND AN ARGUMENT

Moore believes that more serious training than he undertook for the Marciano fight ("I was overconfident, as you know") will prevent a recurrence.

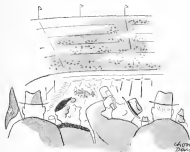
He could be right, but recent events speak against him. He has had only two meaningful fights since he just missed taking Rocky's crown, and neither of them supports optimism. One was against Yolande Pompey in London, where Archie defended his light heavyweight title. Archie's admirers were gravely disappointed then, even though in the end he retained his championship. He just didn't look good. The other important fight, if importance can be attached to a badly hooded mismatch, was against James J. Parker in Toronto; and there Archie's punching was less than satisfactory. He looked better against Parker than against Pompey, pounded him at will and cut him badly, but the fight lasted nine rounds and was stopped only by the referee's pity, and Archie's, for a defenseless opponent. Surely a sound Archie Moore would have taken out a James J. Parker in two or three rounds with a clean knockout. Archie grants the point and says he was not sound.

"After the Pompey fight," he says, "my hands were soft as mush. In England they don't let a fighter protect his hands properly. There is no protection for the fighter whatsoever. London rules state that you can use only eight feet of gauze and only six feet of adhesive on each hand. In the States we can use 10 and 10 each—but it's 10 yards, not feet, if we want that much. So when I was training for the Parker fight I had to use rubber sponges on my hands every day. When I fought Parker my hands were soft."

Archie argues almost as well as he fights.

Chances are that at ringside he will be favored (current odds pick him at 8 to 5), and it does, indeed, seem disrespectful, an act of less majesty, to pick against him. Those of us who revere the high arts of boxing will feel pain if downfall comes to Archie, kingly upholder of the ancient traditions, but poetic justice is rare in the sport. It seems that Archie must at last be forced to admit his age, that Patterson's youth and all that goes with it must win.

There is a memory here of the gallant, exhausted Moore, sagging in his corner, telling the referee that he would come out for the next round against Marciano, gasping: "I want to be knocked out." It could be like that again. **(END)**



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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Atle Voorbij, 16, chubby-faced Dutch swimmer, failed to let disappointment of country's withdrawal from Olympics affect her speed, promptly splashed 100-meter butterfly in fast 1:19.5 at HS-versum to regain the world record.

RECORD BREAKERS

Jack Davis, limber-legged U.S. hurdler from Glendale, Calif., scissored over 120-yard high hurdles in 13.3 on humpbacked grass track ("It had bags of life") to break own world record in last pre-Olympic warm-up at Bendigo (Nov. 17). Earlier at Georgetown, U.S. Steeplechaser Phil Coleman trailed England's Chris Brasher in two-mile race but his 8:47.8 was fast enough to surpass American mark (Nov. 14).

Ada den Haan, youngest of rapid-thrashing Dutch teen-agers, breaststroked 200 meters in 2:46.4, best time ever for Olympic distance, at Naarden (Nov. 13).

FOOTBALL

Iowa and Oregon State, longtime also-rans, rode into Rose Bowl but not before suffering many anxious moments. Hawk-eyes barely squeezed past Ohio State 6-0 to clinch tie for Big Ten title while Beavers were hard pressed against Idaho, rallied in final minutes for 14-10 victory. Colorado, which handled Utah 21-7, nailed down Orange Bowl berth, when mighty Oklahoma overwhelmed Missouri 47-14 for 33th straight; unbeaten Tennessee whipped Mississippi 27-7; Yale overpowered Princeton 42-20 to gain at least tie for Ivy League championship; Syracuse, with Jimmy Brown scoring 43 points, dubbed Colgate 61-7; Pitt's second half razzle-dazzle beat Army 20-7; Navy had easy time with Virginia 34-7; Texas Aggies beat Rice 21-7 to move closer to Southwest Conference title.

Washington, riding high in role of up-

setters, made it four straight, beating New York 33-7, but Giants held NFL Eastern Conference lead with man-slined avist from Pittsburgh, 14-7 winner over Chicago Cards. Detroit and Chicago Bears continued in first-place tie in Western Conference, Lions checking Baltimore 27-3 while Bears outscored Los Angeles 30-21. Other results: Cleveland shut out Philadelphia 16-0; San Francisco edged Green Bay 17-16.

BASKETBALL

Boston and **St. Louis**, only teams over .500 mark, held firm at top of NBA Eastern and Western Divisions. Celtics dropped pair to Minneapolis and Fort Wayne but bounced back to beat Rochester 108-86, 101-87 while Hawks got 49-point spree from Bob Pettit to whip Royals 118-105, then split pair with Fort Wayne and New York. Philadelphia began to make move in East, running off three straight over Rochester, Minneapolis and Syracuse before Nats stopped streak.

HOCKEY

Boston, still stalling, beat Chicago 5-3 before New York stopped surge momentarily with 4-4 tie but Bruins overcame Toronto 4-3 to extend unbeaten streak to nine and NHL lead to two points over Detroit. Red Wings also beat slumping Toronto, divided two games with third-place Montreal, losing 6-2 and winning 8-3 as veteran Ted Lindsay turned hat trick to bring career goal total to 301.

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



HOCKEY FREE-FOR-ALL finds gloves and sticks strewn on the ice as everyone but the goalies and Referee Ed Powers (No. 19) squares off in a brawl set off by Montreal's Jean Beliveau and New York's Lou Fontinato (left) at Madison Square Garden game.



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[illegible]**SCOREBOARD** *continued*

John Jay Hopkins, sportsman-industrialist whose firm built first atomic-powered sub (*Nautilus*) and founder of International Golf Association, has been named for Gold Tee award by the Metropolitan Golf Writers Association in New York.

BASEBALL

BARRELING GOALWARD, Syracuse's Jim Brown, who scored 43 points, heads for his sixth touchdown in 61-7 rout of Colgate.



Marlene Bauer Hagge, former guller from Asheville, N.C., had her most profitable year, picking up \$20,236 on pro circuit for Ladies' PGA money-winning record and taking Vare Trophy for lowest average (74.57) for second time.

batting and shoving with long-range bombs to win 10-round decision in Philadelphia's first big fight since May 1955. Complained DeMarco: "The referee wouldn't let me fight my fight. Boardman? He's nothin'."

Joey Giardello, onetime top-ranking middleweight challenger fighting his way back after losing brush with law in hometown Philadelphia, found third time charmed as he laid down two-fisted barrage to outpoint his two-time conqueror Charlie Cotton in 10-rounder at Milwaukee.

Kenny Lane, feather-punching Muskegon, Mich. lightweight, confused switch-hitting Frankie Ryff with baffling south-paw style for 10 rounds, scored often enough to win at Miami.

HORSE SHOW

U.S. equestrians had merry time for themselves at Toronto, winning five trophies, including international jumping competition, to completely overshadow star-studded field in Royal Winter Fair Horse Show. Team Captain Billy Steinkraus, at his best form, rode off with two individual titles to set pace for victorious Americans.

HORSE RACING

Sween's Sen, homebred 3-year-old, held firm under steady hand of Dave Erb, trotted off with \$32,700 Clark Handicap on closing day at Churchill Downs for his 10th victory in 12 starts.

Find, Alfred G. Vanderbilt's 6-year-old son of Discovery, rarely a winner but

continued on next page



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SOLO PUNCHING Kid Gavilan (right) calls on his oldtime skill to punch out 10-round win over Chico Vejar at Los Angeles.



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SCOREBOARD continued



Marion Tourash, sturdy Brooklyn keeper, put together games of 190 and 177 for 367 to upset national match game Champion Aulita Cantaline by 10 pins in Madison Square Garden bowling carnival. Men's winner: Lenn Mal of Buffalo.



W. Melvin Crook, associate editor of *Yankee Magazine*, onetime speedboat champion and long-time race official, was one of three selected for APDA Honor Squadron. The others: Fred Jacoby Sr. and the late Sir Malcolm Campbell.

almost always in money this year, got away fast, maintained pressure for full route to break ice in \$27,000 Narragansett Special after challenging Artismo broke down in stretch, fracturing both sesamoids in left front foot.

TENNIS

Althea Gibson, smart-stroking New Yorker, took up slack after U.S. Davis Cuppers failed miserably, scored triple in New South Wales tournament at Sydney. At top of fast, accurate game, Althea wore down Shirley Fry 10-8, 6-8 for women's title, teamed up with Miss Fry to win women's doubles and with Annis Neale Fraser, who bowed to scrambling Ken Rosewall 6-4, 7-5, 6-4 in men's singles final, to take mixed doubles crown.

MILEPOSTS

DIED—Clifford Moser, 67, dashing rags-to-riches Texas oilman, real estate operator, sportsman, owner of Lexington's Walnut Springs Farm, one of turf's leading owners and breeders (Old Rockport, Hasty Road, Traffic Court, Traffic Judge, Howdy Babe, etc.); of heart attack, in New York. In racing only since 1947, Moser's horses finished first \$91 times, piled up \$1,842,634 in purses.

DIED—Colonel Hiram E. Tuttle, 73, long-time dressage expert, U.S. Olympic equestrian in 1932 and 1936, accomplished violinist (with Boston Symphony); after long illness, at Fort Riley, Kan.

FOR THE RECORD

RELIGIOUS
LUTHER LASSITER, *Blackthorn Cry*, N.C., self pocket *Wildcat* title, with 13-3 record, Brooklyn.

BOATING
EDDIE U., Middle Atlantic dinghy sailing regatta, with 240 pts., Annapolis.

BOXING
HAROLD CARTER, 16-round decision over Young Jack Johnson, heavyweight, New York
BOB SATTENFIELD, 7-round KO over Claude Chapman, heavyweight, Providence, R.I.
BARRY JAMES, 10-round decision over John L. Sullivan, middleweight, New York
MILLY MUMS, 10-round decision over Jimmy Beckman, middleweight, Miami Beach

CROSS COUNTRY
HENRY KENNEDY, Michigan State, 8y. Ten title, in 25:15.3 for 4 miles, Chicago, 15th title in 24:01.6 (new record) for 5 miles, New York, Texas champion (Michigan State) in both races.
BILL FRIE, W. Michigan, Central College, Copleston title, in 23:45.9 for 4 miles, Chicago, Texas champion, Notre Dame.

FIELD TRIALS
FRANCE BOB III owned by Tom Glue, Adams, Mich., earl cocker spaniel title, Rogers, N.J.
JOEY ELLIS, Walker, Irish setter owned by C. W. Smith, Josephine, Ala. HOB Fox Huntley, all-age *ORR* champion, Stanville, N.C.

FOOTBALL
MONTREAL, over Hamilton, 48-41, to win Big Four playoff on total pts. 78-62, Montreal
EDMONTON, over Saskatchewan, 53-7, western playoff title, Edmonton

GOLF
SIBILEY QUINN, Los Angeles, Gardens Valley Open, with 156 for 54 holes, Greenlee, Calif.
JOHN W. ROBERTS, Columbus, Ohio, Southern Srs. Golf Assoc. title, with 271 for 54 holes, Preakness, N.C.

HORSE RACING
TICK TACK, \$26,915 Sackamore Special 3 1/8 m., to race in 1:53 4/5, Narragansett, Pima Meadows up, MIGHTYMOON, \$74,700 Jockey Handicap, 2 1/16 m. by 5/16 lengths, in 3:29 3/5, Jamaica, Eddie Arcore up



ROYAL WELCOME with full red carpet treatment greets Florida-bred Needles on Miami arrival for winter racing season.



FLYING HIGH, agile poule soars into air to block shot and help Olympians team beat Praeus 3-1 in Greek soccer match.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



for women
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Whenever they attend a tournament to watch the top pros or amateurs in action, it is the serious intention of most golfers to study the stars' technique and thereby improve their own. This is easier said than done, for most golfers find that when they watch a top player they become so involved in the player's personality and so absorbed by the flight of the ball that it is next to impossible to concentrate on the niceties of technique.

I mention this because, if you studied the stars attentively, you would observe that one fundamental that almost every fine technician puts into practice is the comfortable flexing of the knees. When you assume your stance, the knees should break forward comfortably, and the same amount of flex should be maintained throughout the swing. Women players particularly are prone to lock their legs stiffly at address. All fluid motion is then denied them, and the best they can do is to brace backward on a locked right leg, then jump off the right side to the left side. This can be easily avoided by swinging with your knees relaxed and flexible—just as you would do for ballroom dancing. It permits ease of movement and flow of motion.



NEXT WEEK: PALMER MAPLES ON THE PAUSE AT THE TOP

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A KID'S

A trip to toyland this Christmas is like a kid's safari into a jungle where lions and tigers are as big as life and also almost as real. Not since Teddy Roosevelt made Teddy

bears a favorite American toy, by using them as decorations at a White House party, have stuffed animals been so popular. Steiff, the West German firm that made the



SAFARI

first Teddy, has doubled its shipments this year and price (the largest tiger is \$200) seems to be no object. The menagerie also comes in miniature, and 450 different

sizes and varieties of animals are spending their holidays at F.A.O. Schwartz, Saks Fifth Avenue and other fine stores. For a look at a boy's big-game bag, turn the page

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN ROSE BACKGROUND BY LESLIE JACOBS



A BOY'S TROPHIES

continued

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BOATING BONANZA

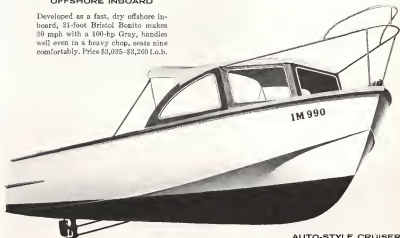
Sparked by demand, boating's idea men keep coming up with better wares

The business of selling people boats and motors has been taking giant steps since the arrival of the five-day week. The U.S. now has a boating population of five million and a boating industry driving on past the billion-dollar mark.

The effort to get a share of this bonanza has led manufacturers to still more imaginative designs in wood, aluminum and plastic. On the following pages, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* shows some of the latest attempts to catch a skipper's eye.

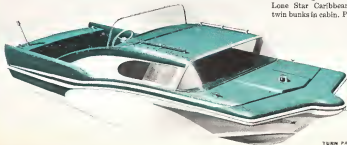
OFFSHORE INBOARD

Developed as a fast, dry offshore inboard, 21-foot Bristol Benito makes 30 mph with a 100-hp Gray, handles well even in a heavy chop, seats nine comfortably. Price \$3,035-\$3,260 f.o.b.



AUTO-STYLE CRUISER

Influenced by current auto styles and making use of complex hull lines possible in fiber-glass construction, 19-foot Lone Star Caribbean outboard has twin bunks in cabin. Price \$1,895 f.o.b.



TURN PAGE FOR MORE BOATS

VERTICAL INBOARD

The 15-foot Century Colt is one of the first hulls to come equipped with Fageol Vertical Inboard Power, a 35-hp, four-cycle, four-cylinder plant that is mounted with flywheel at the bottom and has a right-angle outboard-type drive. In addition to the roominess afforded by the positioning of the engine astern, the VIP installation makes for an extremely maneuverable hull, since the propeller powers the turn, with the entire engine rotating on a ball-and-socket mounting. Combining some of the best features of inboard and outboard engines, the motor gains in efficiency over the conventional inboard because the drive is in a straight line with the direction of travel, and its fuel consumption over outboards because of the four-cycle inboard engine's inherent fuel efficiency. The VIP is easily removed from motor well, can be mounted in many outboard-type hulls. The throttle and gearshift are controlled by a single lever forward. Price of the Colt with VIP \$2,255 l.o.b.

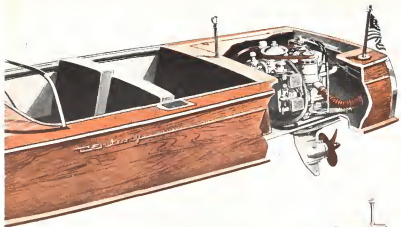
DRAWINGS BY FRANK SOLTZ



STATION WAGON SET

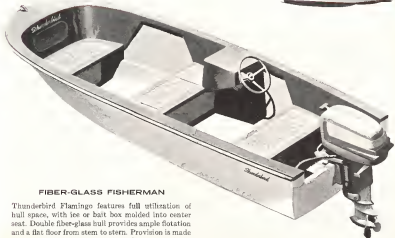
Three-section plywood Whistle Pack Boat can be assembled in seven minutes with wing nuts to make a sturdy 13-foot hull. Foam rubber at joints keeps boat dry. Weighing only 100 pounds, hull fits into rear of station wagon or car trunk. Boat can handle outboards. Price \$185 l.o.b.





PLYWOOD LAPCHINE

Thompson Lapchine outboard is 14 feet, has lapstrake chines to combine dryness of lapstrake hull with economy of sheet-plywood construction. Boat seats five adults, has top speed of 33 mph with 35-hp outboard. Price \$440 f.o.b.



FIBER-GLASS FISHERMAN

Thunderbird Flamingo features full utilization of hull space, with ice or bait box molded into center seat. Double fiber-glass hull provides ample flotation and a flat floor from stem to stern. Provision is made for mounting full steering wheel. Price \$595 f.o.b.

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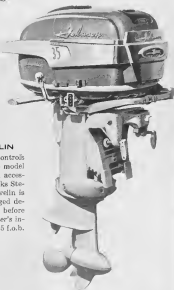
POWERBOATING *continued from page 55*

THE NEW OUTBOARDS



ROYAL SCOTT

Top motor in the Scott-Atwater line, the Royal Scott is a 40-hp platinum and gold design by Raymond Loewy with a fiber-glass hood, has a fuel system that saves one-third in gas, turn-key starting that eliminates priming, owner's initials on name plate. Price \$675 f.o.b.



GOLDEN JAVELIN

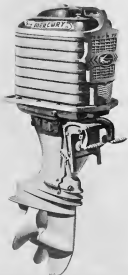
Hinged front conceals controls on Johnson's Deluxe 35 model while still leaving them accessible. Designed by Brooks Stevens, 35-horsepower Javelin is gold and white, has edged device that cuts fishlines before they entangle hub, owner's initials on front. Price \$625 f.o.b.

U.S. outboard manufacturers will show two-tone color schemes and higher horsepower to lure the 1957 buyer



MERCURY TROL-TWIN

Designed as a fishing motor, the 10-horsepower Trol-Twin has switch which retards magneto for extra-slow trolling speeds. Motor mounts at angle, slips over stumps easily. Gearshift is located on handle together with throttle to allow one-hand operation at all times. Price not set.



MERCURY MARK 75

Biggest production outboard on market, 60-hp Mark 75 has six cylinders and short-stroke pistons which reduce wear. Throttle and gearshift are remote-controlled by single lever. Rubber bushing in hub eliminates shear pin. Generator recharges the battery. Price \$975 f.o.b.



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GOODYEAR

Edgewater, N. J. — The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

POWERBOATING *continued from page 57*



EVINRUDE LARK

Thirty-five-hp Lark comes with optional generator which can power running lights and cabin radio on cruiser. Regular features are fishline cutter in hub, rubber slip clutch which eliminates shear pin, salt-water-proof insides requiring no flushing. Price \$635 f.o.b.



OLIVER OLYMPUS

Thirty-five-horsepower Oliver has removable power head for easier portability, protection from weather and theft. Motor can be adjusted to desired angle with transom of boat by turning screw at front. Oliver also carries generator for 12-volt power system. Price \$610 f.o.b.

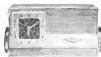
MIGHTY MITE

Built by Neptune, the Mite is smallest outboard, weighing only 17 pounds. Less than a yard long, it can be taken in light planes for use in remote spots. Motor develops 1.7 horsepower. Price \$89.50.



SILVERTROL

Electric-powered two-hp Silvertrol is built by Silver Creek Precision Corp., runs eight to 12 hours without recharge on one or more six-volt auto batteries. Its silent operation is prime asset. Price \$99.50.



DEBUTANTE

Clock Radio in two-tone Turquoise and Ivory, Sand and Ivory, also Antique Ivory.



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Give new 1957 Spalding DOTS in handsome Desk Caddy Sets

Now—the 1957 version of America's favorite golf ball, attractively packaged in distinctive Desk Caddy Sets for Christmas. It's the white—brilliantly white—new DOT with bolder markings and the famous, extra-tough DURA-THIN cover.

In Letter Caddy—1 doz. DOTS, and Pencil Caddy—½ doz. Caddies of DOTS available singly or in sets from your golf professional. Ask about free name imprinting on golf balls.

SPALDING

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

continued from page 19

The director who decrees which of the five pictures shall go out on the air sits in the monitor truck outside the stadium in a pilot's chair where he can see all monitors simultaneously. Harry Coyle, an affable New Jersey Irishman who is a football buff first and a TV technician second, will then yell, "Take one!" or "Take five!" depending on which of the five scenes appeals to him as best dramatizing the action of the moment. Technical Director Jim Davis will then flip the switch which throws the cognitive image on the air. Out on the field or roof, the cameraman knows his picture is on the network by the red light which snaps on.

Up in the announcer's booth in the press box, facing the monitor which shows him what is going on the air, Lindsey Nelson has a responsibility to the audience in the truck as well as in the living rooms. "This is a kicking down," he will warn as a team faces fourth down with yards to go. In the truck, Coyle and Producer Perry Smith will take the hint and affix one camera on the kicker and another on the potential receiver.

"We used to keep cameras on the ball, following it up in the air on punts," explains Nelson. "But we find the audience gets disoriented. So now I tell the audience what kind of a kick

it is, high, short, squib or shotgun. They see the kicker. Then they see the receiver.

"That illustrates one of the important differences, video versus radio. On TV the audio must supplement the video but not overpower it. We must try to keep out of the way as much as possible. It's a funny thing, but audience preference in video-casting breaks down regionally. In the East they don't want you to talk at all—just shut up and let them see. In the Midwest they want you to talk your head off. They get nervous if they can't hear you chattering. Last week we got a letter from a man who was sore because we talked over the band music. Only there wasn't any band music [Navy-Notre Dame]."

There are almost as many people who watch the TV Game of the Week for the peripheral goings-on as for pure football, Nelson has found out. He wisely tries to let the audience in on the rooting sections, card stunts, band trucks and assorted hoopla. But he never indulges in half-time interviews and bars the door to incoming telegrams from "the gang at Joe's Bar and Grill" or the old grad from Sweetwater, Texas who reports "game coming through loud and clear here."

Nelson is trying to profit by a generation of mistakes in sportscasting.

A profession pioneered by the late Graham McNamee, whose broadcasts roamed the wonders of nature, only occasionally pausing to rest on the action of the field, sportscasting traditionally has been the domain of a cluster of velvet voices who disguised what was going on beneath a mass of alliteration and misinformation which enriched the language but not the sport. Lindsey Nelson was picked for his job by NBC Sports Director Tom Gallery because he was tired of this turgid taffling and wanted a man less noted for his mellifluous than for his football acumen. Nelson, brought up in the

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Georgia Tech	Pittsburgh
Iowa	Syracuse
Miami	Tennessee
Michigan State	Texas A&M
Minnesota	Yale
Oklahoma	

football tradition of the University of Tennessee, a spawning ground of modern football techniques which saw Coach Bob Neyland send such other cadets to the football wars as Georgia Tech's Bobby Dodd, Minnesota's Murray Warmath and Tennessee's Bowden Wyatt.

"I can't ever say 'Coffin Corner,' 'fourth and final period,' 'whole host of tacklers' or any of the clichés anymore," admits Nelson. "On the other hand, I can't aim specifically at the technical audience either. We don't conduct a football clinic. The basic things a football fan wants to know are still who carried the ball? how far? and who stopped him?"

Nelson does not even conduct the time-out critiques, turning these over to a co-worker whose credentials are in perfect order—Harold (Red) Grange. Red comes to the game armed with a sampler's assortment of oddments and statistics so that he can—at the drop of a ball—tell the audience that they just saw a State fumble for the umpteenth time this year or that the naked reverse which just fooled Tech was the same play that won last year's game for the old master of the single wing.

The team of Nelson and Grange arrive on the scene of the Game of the Week simultaneously with the sound truck (which, fully loaded, is a 14-ton mobile studio whose drivers groaned in Baltimore two weeks ago when they learned they had just five days to drive to Minneapolis for Minnesota-Iowa).



"I am the best guide in Maine,
only I think we're in Canada now."

Grange's main job is to add color and the second-guesser's touch to the action and, unofficially, to divert the heavy public relations load from Nelson by talking on the luncheon and cocktail party good-will appearances. "I've covered so many homecoming games [six so far this year] that I just couldn't take one more maudlin old grad!" groans Nelson.

TOO BUSY FOR CHICKEN

Nelson is actually too busy out at the practice fields acquainting himself with the vying squads to take on the Martinis and the vulcanized chickens anyway. The first thing he does in town is inscribe the names of all (three-deep) personnel on a Babe Goldbergian contraption he got up himself—two pieces of sheet metal cut in the shape of a football with 11 "windows" cut in for the names of the players. Nelson inserts disks bearing the names, numbers, hometowns, weights and heights of the players into these. The disk inserted into the left tackle spot, for instance, will have the first-, second- and third-string left tackles listed so that Nelson—in the heat of the game—can have a correct lineup in front of him by simply spinning the disk to allow the correct name to appear in the window.

Nelson must prowl the home-team campus for days before the game for valuable tip-offs on the host team and a study of the motion pictures of the opposing team. Coaches are normally hospitable and trust Nelson implicitly. In the Kentucky-Georgia Tech game Coach Bobby Dodd told him his team would run several series off an unbalanced line in the second half. Forewarned, Nelson was able to call his downfield players more correctly than the home-town radio broadcaster.

At the Minnesota-Iowa game Nelson became aware of Iowa's predilection for using a trailing flanker and was able to caution Smith and Davis not to let the cameras go up too close on apparent pass plays: "Iowa might lateral the ball right out of the picture."

An important member of the crew in this regard is Castleman (Cheez) Chesley, the NCAA liaison man with the network. Ches's prime function is to insure that the officials allow enough interval during time-outs to do the all-important commercials, but he also sits in on the valuable and informative pregame sessions with the officials. This year Syracuse Coach Floyd Schwartzwalder sent word to the officials that he had a series in which his quarterback made a full 180° circle be-

fore the ball was snapped and wanted them to know he came to a stop and the play was legal. NBC was anticipating the move, and when it came was not only on camera but able to explain carefully what Schwartzwalder was up to.

"It's no longer possible to hop right from the Stork Club into a plane, arriving at the stadium for the kickoff," insists Nelson. "The game is too complicated and the fan is too smart or, at least, can see too well."

Wherever possible, the crew likes to have a "live" run-through just like any other TV spectacular. One time it wasn't possible was at Notre Dame when Frank Leahy was coach and flatly refused to bring his squad onto the field for final practice until the stadium was cleared of all the prying eyes, human and electronic. With other coaches, Nelson—who telephones more head coaches than a high school tailback with a D average—not only asks for but gets complete cooperation right down to a chart of the team's defenses.

The selection of the TV Game of the Week is a bit complicated. This year it works out to seven national and five regional telecasts, plus one split-network arrangement on Thanksgiving. All games, save those of the Big Ten, were picked last April—which accounts for such one-sided horrors as UCLA-Michigan and TCU-Arkansas finding their way on the coaxials and micro-ways. The Big Ten won the right to hold open its choice of teams until the week of the game—which accounts for such bonuses as Minnesota-Iowa. For the West Coast Thanksgiving regional, Oregon and Oregon State were persuaded (in return for the handsome receipts) to schedule their traditional game two days early, whereas Miami vs. Pittsburgh was moved from a Friday night to Saturday (Dec. 8) to oblige Game of the Week fans.

This week at Los Angeles a game which looked a dud a month ago—USC vs. UCLA—now appears to be a fine addition to the most successful season of telecasting since the medium grew out of its constrictive regional infancy. From card stunts to safety men, French horn players to field judges, the glittering troupe is ready to make Saturday, Nov. 24, in the Los Angeles Coliseum a De Milleian delight on the millions of flickering aluminumized screens from the prairies of Texas to the penthouses of Manhattan and show the country California is a worthy host for the newest national extravaganza, the TV Game of the Week. (ENR)

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For games of Saturday, Nov. 24

● **Ole State vs. Michigan.** No bowl bids pending here, but Buckeyes would share conference title with win over Wolverines. A close one, but a vote for quick-striking MICHIGAN.

● **Pittsburgh vs. Penn State.** Both teams have banged heads with the best and have not been found wanting. Goal-line stands and second-half surges are a common trademark. A slight edge to PITTSBURGH.

● **Tennessee vs. Kentucky.** Without notes, I remember many undefeated, untied Vol teams of the past waylaid by Wildcats. History could repeat but won't. TENNESSEE.

● **Harvard vs. Yale.** Cantabs could catch Bulldogs still celebrating Princeton win, but the Big Blues are really rolling home. YALE.

● **Florida vs. Georgia Tech.** In September, Coach Bob Woodruff told me: "My Gators are lying behind a big log, waiting." Once-defeated Florida may be the most underrated team in the nation. Without the courage of my convictions, GEORGIA TECH.

● **UCLA vs. USC.** In this TV Game of the Week the still-powerful Trojans and the thin but valiant Uclans clash with no Rose Bowl bid at stake. Stendier UCLA.

● **Rice vs. TCU.** Thrice-beaten Horned Frogs still look like best Cotton Bowl bet but must win over Owls to save face. Potential still there. TCU.

● **Miami vs. West Virginia (Nov. 23).** Hurricanes blowing harder every week. Mountaineers can't be taken lightly but MIAMI.

ALSO:

Colorado over Arizona
Auburn over Florida State
Brigham Young over Air Force Academy
Stanford over California
Gleason over Virginia
Iowa over Notre Dame
Arkansas over LSU
Michigan State over Kansas State
Duke over North Carolina
Illinois over Northwestern
Oklahoma over Nebraska
Princeton over Dartmouth
Purdue over Indiana
Columbia over Rutgers
Keyser over SMU
Washington over Washington State
Minnesota over Wisconsin

Last week's hunches:
18 right, 6 wrong, one tie
Record to date: 169-48-11

AROUND THE COUNTRY

by DON PARKER

Once the weekend before the traditional big games was a momentary lull before the final, frantic climax of another football season as the big rivals either rested or sharpened their claws on minor opposition. This year the semifinal Saturday was a climax in itself, and many of this Saturday's traditional contests may seem like unimportant afterthoughts. Saturday was indeed a climactic day for Iowa as the Hawkeyes upended Ohio State to insure themselves at least a tie for the Big Ten championship and a certain bid to the Rose Bowl. It was a mighty important Saturday for Tennessee, which removed Mississippi as the last serious obstacle in the path of an undefeated season, a Southeastern Conference title and a Sugar or Cotton Bowl berth. For Yale, Saturday's game against Princeton reached its customary fever as the Ivy League's two leading contenders had their showdown in New Haven. Seldom has an Eli team looked more impressive; a starting lineup of 10 seniors finally avenged two years of humiliation at the hands of the Tiger and brought Princeton's dream of finishing undefeated to a sad end. Miami knocked Clemson from the undefeated list to remain the only major unbeaten independent in the South and simultaneously removed much of the luster from the Orange Bowl game, since Clemson is almost certain to be one of the contestants. Oklahoma spent the afternoon dismembering Missouri in an obvious bid to regain its No. 1 ranking from Tennessee in the Associated Press weekly poll.

In New England, fast-growing Connecticut won its first outright Yankee Conference championship, downing Rhode Island 51-6; Williams won the Little Three title from Amherst 27-12 on a second-half, three-touchdown rally, and Tufts closed out its best season in 26 years with a 53-19 win over UMass. Springfield collected its first undefeated season (one tie in nine games) by stopping Hobbs 27-9. New England's only other undefeated team, New Haven State, downed Bridgeport 33-13 for its ninth straight win. Other scores:

Boston College 23, Boston U 0	Amherst 29, UMass 6
Brown 21, Harvard 13	New Hampshire 19, Mass. 7
Dartmouth 27, Cornell 14	Penn 28, Columbia 6
Duke 16, Wake 7	Rutgers 20, Wm. & Mary 6
Colby 28, Falm 7	Tufts 14, Wesleyan 7
Holy Cross 41, Marquette 0	UConn 34, Middlebury 33

THE EAST

FRANK MERRELL was nowhere near New Haven Saturday, but Yale did not need him. In fact, the way the Bulldog backs performed against Princeton, it is highly probable the soccer hero would have been forced to sit on the bench. Yale won 42-20. The margin might have been greater but for the magnanimity of Coach Jordan Oliver who used a generous assortment of substitutes in the second half. The fired-up Blue team—led by Halfback Dennis McGill and Al Ward, each of whom scored twice—ran up a 35-13 half-time score and seemed on the verge of making it a record-breaking point total against the Tigers when Oliver granted mercy. The win assured Yale of at least a tie for the Ivy crown, and a win against Harvard this week would clinch the title. It was Princeton's first loss of the season. Syracuse also had a track meet, and star Halfback Jimmy Brown collected most of the Gold Medals. Brown personally accounted for 43 points (six touchdowns and seven extra points) as the Orange rolled over archrival Colgate 61-7. It was the worst licking Colgate has ever taken from a Syracuse team.

Pittsburgh, playing Army, maintained its reputation as a second-half team. The Panthers came from seven points behind late in the second quarter to bury the Cadets 20-7, after Quarterback Corey Salvatore abandoned power tactics and switched to options and roll-outs which kept Coach Red Blank's forces bewildered. Penn State edged North Carolina State 14-7 in a game which was scoreless until the last four minutes. Mike Plum, mopy Lion quarterback, clinched the victory with 13 seconds remaining when he threw a nine-yard,

tie-breaking touchdown pass to Les Walters in the end zone.

In another tradition-draped affair, Lehigh topped Lafayette 27-16 in the 91st renewal of this series which began in 1884.

Westminster, one of the finest small college teams in the East, went undefeated in its 21st straight, 48-0, against Georgia Tech. In the last four years, Westminster has won 29, lost one, tied one.

THE SOUTH

No one in Dixie can think of anything but bowls these days, and officials of the bowls are doing some thinking, too. Over the weekend some of these thoughts came into sharp focus. Tennessee's convincing 27-7 triumph over Mississippi set Sugar Bowl officials drooling with anticipation. Georgia Tech's workmanlike 27-0 whitewashing of resurgent Alabama gave Cotton Bowl sponsors bright visions for New Year's Day. But in Miami, Orange



SIGNING THE BLUES

Tween-age daughters of old Yale grads ecstatically advance on conquering Eli—after victory over Princeton—with pencils drawn. The girls, ringed by happy Yaleness, including End Paul Lopata (left) and Coach Jordan Oliver (right,

wearing baseball cap), clamored for autographs on the back of their ticket stubs. One of the missus returned triumphantly to her father, waving an autographed ticket, exclaiming: "Look, Daddy, I got Dennis McGill."

Bowl promoters were growing ulcers and calling for Miltown after watching Miami humiliate Clemson. The Tigers looked inept in all departments against Miami as they took their first loss of the season. Nonetheless, Clemson remains the only logical pick for the bowl assignment as the representative of the Atlantic Coast Conference.

Elsewhere in the South a 70-yard scoring pass on the first play from scrimmage started Auburn to an easy 29-0 victory over Georgia. Sophomore Quarterback Billy Stacy scored three touchdowns and passed for a fourth as Mississippi State rolled over important LSU 32-13. A stolen lateral and an intercepted pass set up drives of 54 and 71 yards, bringing Tulane a 13-6 victory over Vanderbilt. Kentucky warmed up for this week's meeting with Tennessee by whupping Xavier 33-0.

Duke, picking up strength every week, recovered eight of 10 Wake Forest fumbles and splashed to a 26-0 victory in the rain, scoring in every quarter. South Carolina got untracked with marches of 58 and 52 yards late in the fourth quarter for a 13-0 victory over defeated Maryland. Virginia was no match for Navy, dropping a 34-7 decision in a mud bath at Baltimore.

In the Southern Conference, West Virginia clinched its fourth straight championship but barely stumbled past little Furman 7-0, and Georgia Washington disposed of The Citadel, 20-0. Other scores:

Baylor 15, Gr. Lakes 7 Florida St 20, Miss. St. 13
Chad. St. 15, McMary 14 Minnesota-Spring 22, W.B. 8
Clemson 4, Navy 34, Ind. State 5, Iowa St. 34, W. Va. 13
East 25, WakeForest 9 Richmond 45, East Carolina 7

THE MIDWEST

QUARTERBACK Ken Ploem floated a soft pass to End Jim Gibbons in the end zone and suddenly the fragrance of roses drifted over the howling, shivering crowd of 37,732 in Iowa City, Iowa. With one deft play in the third quarter that covered just 11 yards Iowa had upset rugged Ohio State 6-0 and won the tangled, full-throttle Big Ten race for the Rose Bowl. For Iowa the trip to Pasadena on New Year's Day will be the first in its history. For favorite OSU, the loss was its first in 18 Big Ten games. By winning, Iowa also gained at least a tie for the Big Ten championship and will win all the marbles if Michigan happens to knock off Ohio this weekend.

In one of the finest games of the Big Ten season, Minnesota upset favored Michigan State 14-13. The two teams were perfectly matched—Minnesota gained 394 yards to Michigan State's 333—but the difference was Gopher Quarterback Bobby Cox.

Michigan had no trouble with Indiana, winning 49-25, while in two other battles of the also-rans, Northwestern beat Purdue 14-0 and Wisconsin tied Illinois 13-13. Quarterback Paul Hornung led Notre Dame to a 21-14 victory over North Carolina that snapped a five-game Irish losing streak.

In the Big Seven where Oklahoma has

a permanent lease on the championship, Sooner Coach Bud Wilkinson saw his boys maul Missouri 67-14, rolling for 454 yards on the ground and 138 more in the air. Then Wilkinson, keeping a straight face, said: "I think Missouri played well. I thought they contained us fairly well."

Kansas State battered Iowa State 32-6.

Houston, champion of the Missouri Valley Conference, erased a 7-6 half-time deficit to defeat Villanova 35-13 in an inter-sectional game. Jim Wiggins dashed 82 and 30 yards for touchdowns as Oklahoma A&M bowled over Detroit 35-7 in an MVC contest. Other scores:

California 21, Cornell (Ivory) 13
De. Pa. 7, Auburn 7 Oregon 46, Kent 0
North State 27, Western State 13
Oklahoma 25, Lawrence 13
R. Ind. 25, Iowa Tech 13
Ohio St. 17, Stanford 6
Oregon 46, Kent 0
Tulane 21, Eastern 21
Utah 39, Texas Tech 7
Wayne 14, Idaho Central 0
Wyoming 14, Dayton 6

THE SOUTHWEST

TEXAS A&M all dressed up with no place to go, bagged a cinch tie for the Southwest Conference championship with a 21-7 win over Rice, but it was Texas Christian, an A&M victim, which may have picked up the Cotton Bowl marbles with a 46-0 triumph over Texas. The undefeated Aggies are indigible to represent the conference in the Cotton—or any other—Bowl now that the NCAA has refused to lift its probation for violation of recruiting rules. So the Cotton Bowl sent brought TCU back to life, and, paced by Halfback Jim Swink, the Horned Frogs pulverized Texas. Swink put the spurs to the TCU offense, scoring four times. The victory was the largest TCU has ever managed against a conference team, and it was also the worst defeat in conference history for Texas. Baylor campaigned outside the conference and subdued Nebraska 26-7, while Arkansas whopped Southern Methodist 27-13.

Texas Western won the Border Conference championship in the last two seconds of its game with second place West Texas State. Freshman Halfback Truman Hobbs booted a 38-yard field goal on the final play from scrimmage for the 16-13 victory. The Buffs had been leading 13-0 before the champs rallied. Other scores:

Leander 24th 34, San Diego 7 South Texas 18, East Texas 0
N. Mex. 31, 29 Arizona 6 Tex. Tech 33, Austin 14
S. H. State 35, S. J. Austin 0 Trinity 34, Midwestern 6

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

WYOMING put Coach Phil Dickens into a state of acute anxiety Saturday before finally tipping Brigham Young 7-6 to conclude a perfect, 10-game undefeated season. The Cowboys scored in the first quarter when Jim Crawford, the nation's leading ground-gainer, intercepted a BYU pass and raced 55 yards for the team's lone touchdown. Wyoming then held on precari-

ously. The narrow one-point victory did nothing to enhance the Cowpokes' desirability in the eyes of the bowl game scouts, particularly those holding invitations to the Gator classic in Jacksonville.

The New Mexico-Montana game, rated a tough one to pick, proved that the experts had reason to be puzzled. The New Mexico Lobos eked out a 14-13 win at Albuquerque in a game marked by raw tempers and, finally, a free-for-all.

Utah took a 7-0 lead in the first quarter against Colorado's Orange Bowl-bound Buffaloes, opening with a 68-yard touchdown drive. But then a second-period announcement of Oklahoma's devastating victory over Missouri woke up the Buffs, who rallied for three touchdowns and a 21-7 win.

The Air Force Academy, unbeaten and once tied before Saturday's tilt with Idaho State, caught the Rocky Mountain Conference Bengals at their best and dropped a 13-7 decision at Pueblo, Col.

Montana State, the unbeaten Rocky Mountain Conference titlist, added icing to the cake with a 54-0 victory over Whitworth. It was the ninth straight for the Bobcats and gave the school its first unbeaten, untied foot ball season since 1889. Other scores:

Texas 20, Washington 5 Tarkenton 10, Utah 20, Western 20, 10

THE FAR WEST

THE Pacific Coast Conference narrowly missed the most humiliating experience in its history Saturday—having its Rose Bowl entry beaten by Idaho. Oregon State just did back out a 14-10 win after being outplayed most of the game. Trailing 10-7 with only two minutes to play, spidery Beaver Halfbacks Paul Lowe and Earnel Durden, as usual, pulled out the win. It was a triumphant day for the Northwest. This ordinarily weak segment of the conference swept the board. Oregon dumped hared USC 7-0, Washington manhandled Stanford 34-13, demonstrating again that the forward pass, like the bolo punch, is more spectacular than effective. Stanford completed 26 of 39 aerals and Quarterback John Brodie had 20 for 26, but Washington remained at sea level to grind out the easy win. Washington State beat California 14-13 in a game Coach Jim Sutherland wanted to win from his ex-boss Pappy Waldorf.

Elsewhere, Redlands wrapped up the Southern California Conference, ripping the Whittier Pats 34-13. Quarterback Howard Tipton was largely responsible for helping Redlands to an undefeated season and a bid to the Aluminum Bowl at Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 22. Cal Tech completed its best season since 1931 by winning its third game of the year, 45-7, over La Verne. Cal Tech has lost five. Other scores:

Pacific St 50, San Diego 21 Fresno 22, Longs 4, Clark 6
Hartford-Seminoles 20, OCF 39 San Jose St 35, Cal Poly 28

THE PROS by TEX MAULE

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Al Dorow, an extraordinarily adroit young man with the temperament of a river boat gambler, has taken a large hand in scrambling the standings in the National Football League during the past several weeks. The **Washington Redskins**, who had been in the doldrums when early injuries deprived them of two key backs—Eddie LeBaron and Vic Janowicz—have suddenly developed a cohesive attack to match their fine defense. And the man most responsible is Dorow, a three-year veteran used sparingly his first two seasons but who has matured rapidly under the pressure of full-time quarterbacking. The Washington team exploded suddenly and thoroughly Sunday, blistering the **New York Giants** 30-7 in their best offensive effort of the season.

Behind this new surge of the Redskins is a series of developments. The club was strong throughout the training period until LeBaron twisted a knee in practice and Dorow, his replacement, was injured in an automobile accident. Deprived of an experienced quarterback, the Redskins had to depend much too heavily on their defense as the season opened. However, they picked up Tommy Runnells, a good rookie fullback from the Rams, and Dick James,

another rookie, developed rapidly. Then, when James was hurt, the team got Billy Wells back from service. By the time Dorow returned to action, the timing and precision of the offense began to fall into place until by last Sunday it was as good as it had been when the two quarterbacks were injured.

Now tied with the **Chicago Cardinals** in the loss column, the Redskins are in a position to overhaul the Giants when the two teams square off at Yankee Stadium on December 2. With their offense at top operating efficiency, the Redskins must be rated an even choice with New York and Chicago for the Eastern Conference title.

The **Cleveland Browns**, after stumbling through early games while searching for an adequate replacement for Otto Graham, may have found one in Tommy O'Connell, the onetime Illinois star who threw a scoring pass in the Browns' 16-0 victory over the **Philadelphia Eagles** and also directed the Brown running capably. The Brown defense, which had sagged a bit during the long offensive drought, seems to have returned to normalcy. The Eagles could gain a total of only 71 yards against them—48 running and 23 passing. Although the Browns—for the first time in the club's history—seem out of the running for the division cham-

pionship, they hold the key to the title during the next four weeks, when they play each of the three contenders, beginning with Washington next week. They close the season with successive games against the Giants in New York and the Cardinals in Cleveland.

The **Pittsburgh Steelers** found the answer to the running power of the **Chicago Cardinals'** split-T attack. In a 14-7 upset Sunday, the Steelers limited the Cardinals' Offie Matsen to 18 yards in 13 carries, twice halting Cardinal drives inside the ten. A seven-man line choked off the Cardinal power, with the fine play of George Tarsavicz at left end especially instrumental in containing Matsen's usually explosive sweeps. The Steelers, hampered by injuries to brilliant rookie Lowell Perry and equally brilliant veteran Lynn Chandonno, came up with a surprise offensive package in Lou Baldooni. The ex-Michigan University right half, wabbling for Chandonno, made a shambles of the Card defense, taking pitchouts and passes from little quarterback Ted Marchbroda. He churned 116 yards in 16 rushes and grabbed four passes for another 64 yards. The threat of Baldooni to the outside opened the Cardinal middle enough for Fullback Fran Rogel to gain 112 yards in 18 carries.

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Giants	6	2	0	.750	Eagles	3	5	0	.375
Cardinals	5	3	0	.625	Steelers	3	5	0	.375
Redskins	4	3	0	.571	Browns	3	5	0	.375

WESTERN CONFERENCE

The **Chicago Bears** dusted off a weapon which has nearly disappeared from the arsenal of professional football and used it Sunday for a decisive touchdown in their 30-21 victory over the **Los Angeles Rams**. Against the seven-man secondary defense now fashionable among the pros, the once important long pass has fallen into disuse. But the Bears, equipped with one of pro football's finest offensive ends in Markon Hill and a spring-armed passer in Ed Brown, connected for an eye-popping 63-yard scoring maneuver. The fleet Hill, legging it well behind the Ram deep defenders, tucked in a prodigious heave from Brown (55 yards in the air) and scampered 15 more yards to the touchdown.

The Bears demonstrated once again the remarkable versatility and depth which marks their offense. With Scatback Perry Jeter on the sidelines with a broken bone in his ankle, the Bears dug into their well-stocked bench and came up with rookie Halfback Don Bingham. Bingham proceeded to run a hundred yards with a Ram kickoff to open the second half and gave the Bears a 17-point lead. They needed the big boogie as the Rams, who have shown signs of flexing muscles long unused, rallied fiercely through the second half on the passing of Bill Wade to score three touchdowns. Oddly, the Ram attack accounted for the same yardage in the air as on the ground—226.

The **Detroit Lions**, spurred no doubt by

their unexpected loss to the Redskins last week, demolished the **Baltimore Colts** 27-3 by way of retribution, thereby virtually eliminating the only club which might have hoisted in on the Bear-Lion stretch duel for the Western Conference championship. Big Leon Hart, tramped down from the bulky 278 he carried as an end to a faster 250, finally played fullback as if he belonged there. The massive Notre Dame product dieted carefully from the end of last season to the beginning of this and ran three miles each morning during the summer to attain his present proportions.

The Lions, complacent the previous week in their loss to Washington, were as high for this game as they have been at any time in the past two years according to General Manager Nick Kerkau. The fine Colt runners—rookie Lenny Moore and sophomore Alan Ameche—could just make no headway against the Lion line, which centers on ex-Giant Ray Krouse and has as much beef as any defense in the league. Halfback Gene Gedman also turned in one of his finest performances and helped Hart considerably in the Lion ground attack.

Don McIlhenny, a bright rookie prospect at halfback, returns to the Lions this week after an injury and Gil Mahan, a tremendous defensive end, will be off the injury list in two more weeks. With everyone hale, the Lions should rate no worse than even money in their two climactic games with the **Chicago Bears** which come up in the final three weeks of the season. Thereon

hangs the outcome of the Western Conference championship.

The **San Francisco 49ers** finally ended a five-game losing streak in the chill environs of the **Green Bay Packers'** stadium by the slim margin of 17-16. It was the Packers' fourth loss in a row. A 32-yard field goal in the closing minutes by Caddy Soltau provided the 49ers with their triumph, but Lee Nomellini was equally responsible for the one-point edge. Nomellini, who is one of the best defense tackles in pro football when he cares to be, blocked a conversion attempt by the Packers' Fred Cone in the first quarter. Hugh McIlhenny broke loose for 86 yards and a touchdown in the third quarter for the 49ers, confirming the belief that he is still as dangerous a runner as there is in football.

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Lions	7	1	0	.875	Packers	2	6	0	.250
Bears	7	1	0	.875	Rams	2	6	0	.250
Colts	3	4	0	.429	49ers	2	6	0	.250

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover—Don McIlhenny. 2—UPI. 10th G. 2nd—UPI. 9—UPI. 11—UPI. 12—UPI. 13—UPI. 14—UPI. 15—UPI. 16—UPI. 17—UPI. 18—UPI. 19—UPI. 20—UPI. 21—UPI. 22—UPI. 23—UPI. 24—UPI. 25—UPI. 26—UPI. 27—UPI. 28—UPI. 29—UPI. 30—UPI. 31—UPI. 32—UPI. 33—UPI. 34—UPI. 35—UPI. 36—UPI. 37—UPI. 38—UPI. 39—UPI. 40—UPI. 41—UPI. 42—UPI. 43—UPI. 44—UPI. 45—UPI. 46—UPI. 47—UPI. 48—UPI. 49—UPI. 50—UPI. 51—UPI. 52—UPI. 53—UPI. 54—UPI. 55—UPI. 56—UPI. 57—UPI. 58—UPI. 59—UPI. 60—UPI. 61—UPI. 62—UPI. 63—UPI. 64—UPI. 65—UPI. 66—UPI. 67—UPI. 68—UPI. 69—UPI. 70—UPI. 71—UPI. 72—UPI. 73—UPI. 74—UPI. 75—UPI. 76—UPI. 77—UPI. 78—UPI. 79—UPI. 80—UPI. 81—UPI. 82—UPI. 83—UPI. 84—UPI. 85—UPI. 86—UPI. 87—UPI. 88—UPI. 89—UPI. 90—UPI. 91—UPI. 92—UPI. 93—UPI. 94—UPI. 95—UPI. 96—UPI. 97—UPI. 98—UPI. 99—UPI. 100—UPI.



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MARYLAND MEETING

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
TONI FRISSELL

AUTUMN is a time of the year that stirs mixed emotions. For poet William Cullen Bryant, it is a season of "... melancholy days . . . the saddest of the year, / Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere." But to the dedicated bands from coast to coast who believe in the pursuit of the fox with horse and hound, it is a time of joyful activity—the cubbing season is over and the hunt can begin in earnest.

In trying for a new look at this old and respected endeavor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED dispatched veteran Photographer Toni Frissell to Maryland's Elkridge-Harford Hunt for an unusual view; and thereby unwittingly brought on some melancholy and a considerable amount of wailing winds. Photographer Frissell boarded a helicopter to obtain the magnificent aerial photograph shown at left. Her flight was later described by visiting Miss Nancy Nicholas in *The Chronicle*, a journal devoted mainly to news of fox hunting:

"Toni Frissell's helicopter warming up unseen on the far side of the house . . . caused no commotion among the unsuspecting animals until it roared ominously over the house and circled slowly overhead. . . . The panic was

continued

PANORAMA OF HUNT, photographed from helicopter as Elkridge-Harford hounds meet at Pleasant Valley Farm before 18th century home of ex-master Harvey Lodge,

MARYLAND MEETING

continued from page 67

on. Hounds cowered under Huntsman Dallas Leith's horse, while two puppies bolted into the underbrush to be seen no more that day; horses reared, bucked or bolted depending upon their characters and most recent quantity of oats. . . . But the hunt members, made of sterner stuff, carried on and, remarkably enough, managed to run a fox for some 45 minutes before he went to ground, a tribute to their good-natured tolerance of an extraordinary distraction as well as their enthusiasm for the sport.

The helicopter's wailing winds were not, however, held against Photographer Friswell, who returned for Thanksgiving to record (on the ground) the elegance of the perfectly appointed riders on this traditional occasion (right). For some of the country's 96 accredited hunts, Thanksgiving is the more festive for being recognized as the day on which the hounds are blessed. (Others still follow the custom of holding the ceremony on the feast of St. Hubert.) The special, convivial air of the American holiday, combined with the color of this venerable sport, acts to swell the normal field of the Elkridge-Harford Hunt by considerable numbers.

The Elkridge hounds are a cross-bred pack, developed by Voss over the 18 years he has served as Master of Foxhounds. The bitches are British imports from some of the finest English packs, including two from the Portman, two from the South Dorset and one which was a special gift from the Duke of Beaufort.

Organized in 1878, in a part of Maryland where the original settlers were English or of English descent, the Elkridge Hunt Club has kept a devoted following. As new homes were built in the countryside and good hunting country became a rare commodity, a plight that has beset many clubs, Elkridge merged with the Harford (1924) Harford Hunt in 1934. Now the hounds can run freely over the farm estates belonging to the combined membership of the two clubs.

It was four years after the Elkridge-Harford union that Voss became the second hunt's master, a position which he has retained—with the aid one year of a joint master—ever since. A man more completely immersed in the art and science of the chase would be hard to find. And as long as horses and hounds exist, Elkridge-Harford will keep the sport alive in its old and traditional way.

(END)



EDWARD VOSS, M.F.H., a gentleman farmer, has been hunt's master for over 18 years.



MRS. J. C. RATHBONE, who always rides sidesaddle, has been hunting over 40 years.



NANCY NICHOLAS, a guest, usually rides in Unionville, Pa. Father was former M.F.H.



RAEBURN PARKER, ex-New Yorker, has ridden with hunt since move to Maryland.



NEILSON BROTHERS, Paddy (left) and Cookie, are sons of a former joint master.



MRS. DEAN BEDFORD also rides sidesaddle, is original Elkridge-Harford member.

Sports Illustrated's expert sees two shows a continent and a week apart and reports, from New York and San Francisco, on horses

EAST AND WEST

RUNNING almost simultaneously on opposite coasts, New York's National at Madison Square Garden and San Francisco's Grand National at the Cow Palace offered the greatest possible contrast in horse shows. Above a cellar crammed full of horses, the Garden ring bristled with white-tied officials, a red-coated ringmaster and boxes filled with formally dressed spectators. Ringed by spacious barns, the Cow Palace's arena was filled alternately with rodeo and horse show events, and the only top hats visible were worn by riders in the three-gallop classes. The two shows, however, shared the most important thing: lots of good horses.

New York, always a magnet for the owners of top jumpers, continued to exercise its pull, drawing not only a great proportion of the horses from the Pennsylvania National at Harrisburg but additional horses from the eastern seaboard and the Middle West. Despite the competition from far and near, the final jumping results duplicated those of last year. Acrobatic Al Fiore again rode Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Mann's Riviera Wonder to win the championship, and reserve for the second year was rewarded to Miss Eleonora Senn's Diamant, with Charles Dennehey Jr. in the saddle.

It came as no great surprise when General Humberto Mariles and his Mexican team managed to capture most of the international jumping awards. It came as more of a surprise when Canada and Ireland (each had won only one event in Harrisburg) were second with three each. The Canadians, who had not had a good year since 1953, were the victors in the low-score challenge event. Their record in this event, furthermore, still stands—in 1951 they won the three-day competition with no faults. Credit for the Canadian wins, and even for the existence of a team, goes to its captain, Bob Ballard. Six of the eight horses are his (two of them were purchased from Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands),

and he has supported the team almost single-handedly through both bright and dismal years since 1947. "When we don't do well," Ballard explained good-naturedly, "we take home our white ribbons and dye them blue."

For the U.S., sailor on leave Hugh Wiley carried off the honors, winning two individual events on Nautical.

A CABLE FROM UNCLE

The Chileans, last seen in the United States in 1949, came close to the top on several occasions, when they were second four times. "We won once at Harrisburg," said Curubiseros captain, Leopoldo Rojas, "and now we want very badly to win here too." He produced a cablegram from the President of Chile, tendering congratulations and his assurance of their continued success. "Our horses have had a long trip

and we are pleased to be second in such competition—almost the best in the world!" Rojas added gallantly. He then returned the cable to his pocket, explaining, "The president of Chile is my uncle." On the next to last day, the Chileans won their blue, and the cable to Santiago was busy again.

The hunter division was well filled with the expected first-rate horses, and the conformation championship honors went to Chinquapin Farm's Silverman. The 6-year-old gray from Tryon, N.C. was ridden by Jack Payne. Reserve was last year's champion Jazz Season, now owned by Kyrstin Glancy of Grosse Pointe, Mich. and ridden by his former owner, Morton Smith. Working hunter honors went to Mrs. Elglio Del Guerin Jr.'s Bronze Wing.

The Beacon Hill Farms again captured the Arabian stake—but this year with a different horse. Their 16-year-old chestnut stallion, Sarab-al-Sahra, which Arthur Godfrey rides bareback at home, was named champion, with Fritz Radon aboard. Their champion of 1955, the gray Alyfar, placed sixth.

As with the jumpers, the big stake winners in the Hackney pony and saddle horse divisions were the familiar names of other years. The Dodge Stables' Cora's Mite was Hackney pony champion for the third year in a row. Another three-time winner was the Bruce H. Seabright's Wild Sensation, driver by Mrs. Seabright to the



"If you feel like talking, just remember the woods are full of hunters with their hearts set on shooting a wild gobbler"

big award in the fine-harness stake.

The Delaine Farm of Morton Grove, Ill. continued adding to its national record. Mrs. Louise Hart again rode her well-named bay mare, Something Wonderful, to victory in the five-gaited event, after her trainer, Charles Huston, had won the three-gaited championship with Foolish Notion. Mrs. Hart was then presented with the Watson Amateur Challenge trophy, for the fifth year in a row.

General Mariles, in the 1956 National Horse Show's final event, rang down the curtain on the competition in typical Mariles style. Mexico had a team total of four faults, and Ireland four and a quarter. Mariles, the last rider, and to ride clean. Ten jumps later the international jumping Perpetual Challenge trophy was again Mexico's for the ninth time in 11 years. Mariles has gotten used to having it around.

SAN FRANCISCO's Grand National, which is the last big show of the Pacific Coast circuit, also drew exhibitors of fame from far and near. One of the most famous came from nearby indeed—Mrs. William Roth of San Mateo. Mrs. Roth, who has campaigned her champion ponies and horses from coast to coast for four decades, is the person most directly responsible not only for the big show at the Cow Palace but for the interest in show horses in all of California. Chief of Longview, her several-times winner of the world's championship five-gaited stake at the Kentucky State Fair, remains unforgettable, and the mention of her great mare, Sweetheart On Parade, still brings nostalgic sighs from lovers of the fine-harness classes. This time Mrs. Roth's Hackney ponies, bought from Josephine Abercrombie (SI, Nov. 1, 1954), won all classes in which they were entered—which was every class possible for a Hackney to enter.

There were plenty of fine horses on hand in the fine-harness events. The most famous, and the winner of all his classes, was the bold California-bred chestnut, High Button Shoes, now owned by the Pace Petroleum Co. Button has been defeated at only one show during his career, and then by his brother, The Lemon Drop Kid. The open classes were the special territory of High Button Shoes, but the ladies and amateur events were dominated by 27-year-old Jean McLean Davis' chestnut gelding, The Encore. For the last four years he has been the ladies' and amateur champion fine-harness horse and during this time has won 59 blues and 6 reds—he has no lesser

colors. As Jean reached for the Amateur Fine-harness Stake, she remarked quietly, "This is his last show. No matter what he does, he will be retired after tonight." She spread her full, pink, satin skirt, pulled thick rubber bands with attached safety pins up to her knees and anchored the hem of her dress to keep it from flying during the class. "I never will forget," she said as she pinned her dress in place, "one night in Dallas when all my rubber bands broke . . ." and looking as cool as her pink satin, she drove The Encore to his 60th, and final, first place before he went to his new and final place in the pasture, back home in Virginia. The Encore was not, however, the only blue ribbon winner that Jean McLean Davis had brought west. Her 4-year-old walk-trot Salute Me won the stake for three-gaited horses over 15.2 in height, the ladies' three-gaited and the big, three-gaited stake.

THE TOUGHEST CLASS EVER

In the five-gaited mare class, Trainer Lee Tobey rode her "blond" Enchanted Hour to victory, while Jean placed third with her Twilight Walk. Sandwiched in between was Vignola Farms' Heavenly Daze, with Buford Walker up. These classes, as were all the events at the Grand National, were filled with horses. In fact, after judging the Three-gaited Amateur Stake (which was won by Ella Mae Shofner Hansen on Dream Street Doll), Judge Robert Brown of Indianapolis commented that in his 30 years of judging it was the toughest class he had ever faced.

The hunter and jumper events were equally well filled and, after 10 days of competition, the champion in this division was declared: Wikid Storm, an aged, chestnut gelding owned and ridden by Eva Taverna Martindell, a schoolteacher from Sacramento. The hunter division crowned its champion earlier in the day, and the tricolor went to a big bay named Debated Issue, owned and ridden by Barbara Worth, a professional horsewoman.

The Five-gaited Championship Stake was the last class of the horse show, a dramatic ending for a colorful show and season. Vignola Farms' Heavenly Daze, second in the mare class, kept working better and better, but Enchanted Hour seemed to have decided that she had had enough. A second workout was called for but the blond-tailed mare never did settle down. When the decision was given, Heavenly Daze was the champion five-gaited saddle horse of the Grand National for the second year. (ENR)



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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

In Maine and Ontario it is man over beast while in Washington it is men against duck and no decision. A British naturalist despairs of man, an Idaho mayor pays dearly for elk meat and an African game ranger pushes perched pschyderms to water

OF MAN AND BEAST

LAST WEEK in ill-advised, but rather spectacular, catch-a-catch-can combat, two men tackled big game and emerged victorious.

In Ontario, Eller Maki of Beaver Lake was cutting picket lines when a 200-pound black bear scooped up his 65-pound dog, Brownie. Armed only with a 1½-pound ax, Maki rushed to the rescue and clouted the bear above its right eye. The bear bellowed like a diesel horn and dropped Brownie. Maki delivered four more swats with the ax and dropped the bear. "I don't know if I'd take the chance again," said Maki, "but that's an awfully nice dog."

The other Donnybrook occurred in the Maine woods after Jim Thomas of Rockland loosed two ineffectual .12-gauge-shotgun blasts at a 300-pound buck deer. Thomas followed the slightly peppered animal and eventually caught up with it. Out of ammunition

but not determination, he jumped on the buck's rump and grabbed an antler. The buck tossed him into a thicket. Thomas picked himself out and belabored the buck with his gun butt. When that shattered, with the buck still upright, Thomas took to his hunting knife and, after 15 thrusts, the day and deer were his. Elapsed time for this bizarre and not entirely commendable skirmish: five hours.

FOOTS VS. POWL

WHEN Bellingham, Wash. City-County Health Officer Dr. J. D. Fouts ordered all waterfowl off nearby Lake Whatcom by December 1 as "a public nuisance" and an "unnecessary hazard to our water supply," lakeshore residents drew up a petition proclaiming that wildfowl are "an asset, serving to beautify the area." For years the birds had paddled in peace and plenty on the



On the Willowemoc, the revered trout stream which flows into the once-garbage-littered Beaverkill at Roseton, N.Y. (OUTDOOR WEEK, April 23), power shovels last week were busily dredging gravel for road-improvement work. The dredging destroys spawning beds and insect life. If the Willowemoc was the only available source of gravel, conservationists could hardly complain, but pits sited in the area. The dredgers are within the law as it is now written, but anglers hope state officials will shortly find a way to halt the practice and protect dwindling trout fishing resources.

HAVOC ON THE WILLOWEMOC

reservoir preserve, freeloading from the lakesiders. Now, hundreds of heretofore uninterested persons came bearing sacks of crackers, stale bread, popcorn, chicken feed and vanilla wafers, bent on defying Dr. Fouts. A local columnist pointed out that a duck is "a kinda sensitive creature" and if you remove him from safety to hunting water he'll come back right where he started from. Another wag suggested that Dr. Fouts equip himself with a glass-bottomed boat to see if any "dirty old trout" were hanging about the intake. And Dr. J. K. Neils, a local pediatrician and duck hunter, with a particular interest in duck-transmitted paratyphoid fever, pointed out that "Lake Whatcom's a damn big lake. The probability of human contamination is so much greater, I can't be stirred up about ducks or dinosaurs." Back to the wall, Dr. Fouts resorted to the designs of providence. "I have a wistful hope," he said, "that the imminence of Thanksgiving will solve the problem in a natural manner."

**MAN
THE
GOOP**

FAMED British ornithologist and nature writer, James Fisher (he was co-

author of *Wild America* with Roger Tory Peterson), attended the National Audubon Society's annual conclave in New York last week and dropped a few pithy remarks on *Homo sapiens* in particular and conservation in general. "Man," stated Fisher, "is the filthiest animal who has ever walked the face of the earth. He is ineradicably, utterly filthy." Bats? "They're relatively filthy. Lousy, crowded... but I can't help liking them because they are interesting." Pigs? "... singularly clean compared to people. They're considered dirty because they wallow in mud. But mud can be quite sanitary, you know. It depends on the mud." What Mr. James Fisher was talking about was man's pollution of air and water through industrial expansion: "It's so smoky in Britain that one kind of wild moth is turning black from the air." More particularly Fisher bemoans the dumping of waste oil into the sea. It has not only decimated some species of ocean birds, like the auks around the Firth of Clyde, he says, but it "is mauling up our bathing beaches." Yet, when he is not delivering perorations on pollution Fisher is a dedicated bird watcher. "Bird watching," he told an *OUTDOOR WEEK* reporter, "is one of the best games for extroverts. Naturalists

continued on next page

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and bird watchers are very unjealous people." Did he like New York? James Fisher displayed consummate diplomacy: "A great lady [it was Edna Ferber] once said that New York is the dirtiest city in the world. Honestly my view is that New York is a lot cleaner place than London."

A MAYOR'S MEAT

IN HIS 19 months as mayor of Mountain Home, Idaho, Willis Carrie has not been the most popular administrator the town has ever had. In fact, his 5,000 constituents have been heard to complain of highhandedness and bossy rule in his conduct of affairs. Thus, when he was brought to court recently on a charge of killing elk out of season, the case aroused considerable interest. "Political axing and skulduggery," huffed the mayor; all he had done was tag an elk carcass he had found the day before the season opened. The local court, unimpressed, convicted him; on appeal to District Court last week, Mayor Carrie managed to get off with a \$300 fine by pleading guilty to the lesser charge of illegally possessing elk meat. The citizenry was satisfied. "Gee, if I could get off with a \$300 fine for tagging Carrie," said one of the mayor's critics, "I'd try it tomorrow."

PARCHED PACHYDERMS

WHEN 300 wildly trumpeting rampaging elephants suddenly appeared along a section of the new Rhodesia-Portuguese East Africa railway a fortnight ago, authorities were faced with an improbable nightmare. Driven out of Portuguese Mozambique by widespread bush fires, the thirst-crazed animals were instinctively trying to reach the Nuanetsi River, 17 miles beyond the rail line. But, panicked by the loose stone rail bed ballast which shifted under elephantine bulk, they would not cross, instead stampeded along the tracks routing up telegraph poles and disrupting communications. A variety of other animals milled blindly about, and already vultures were tearing at four dead elephants and uncounted zebras. Unless Game Ranger Rupert Fothergill, who had jeaped 300 bush miles to the scene, could do something, that remote section of railway was certain to become one vast game graveyard. Fothergill did something. While

trains gingerly crept along damaged track past frantic herds of parched wildlife, he directed railway hands in a crash rescue operation. Sand was excavated and used to bind the loose ballast. Road-wide causeways were laid across the line. Animal after animal was herded over and a major disaster averted. Then, as Fothergill completed his uniquely merciful mission, the elephants' celebrated memory proved woefully short. Several ponderous ingrates charged him. Happily, Game Ranger Fothergill escaped to continue the hardly prosaic business of guarding African wildlife.



FROM THE FLYWAYS

GDW—good duck weather, BW—blustery weather, S—snow, H—rain, F—flood, up, T—breeze aloft, SF—sunny light, EF—fair light, GF—good light, EF—excellent light, PG—poor gunning, FG—fair gunning, GG—good gunning, EG—excellent gunning, OP—outlook poor, OF—outlook fair, OG—outlook good, OVG—outlook very good, SO—season opens (or opened), SC—season closes (or closed)

MASSACHUSETTS: EF of blinks in vicinity Plum Island Marshes. GF of blinks under way. OG generally as weather hardens.

MARYLAND: Oldtimer advises EF of tankers and many knots from Kent Island area in spite of BW. EF of canvasbacks on Susquehanna flats but PG, thanks to calm weather.

LOUISIANA: Estimated 1,300,000 mallards arrived in state with GDW last week. Best spot southwestern area around Lake Charles with EG. Agassiz also reports EF most likely in back patches particularly cherry trees on blue gene, which for the first time in years instead of sticking to inaccessible mudflats at mouth of Mississippi River are scattered all through southwestern section, and bags are excellent. EG particularly in Chief Menezes area. Bays Lake in back of Bayou Bolson and the Hopelake. Delaware Island area. Only racoon recovery of season reported by Hurry Campbell and Jerry Bessus of Baton Rouge, who were gunning greenheads on Atchafalaya River last week. The pair quarked on a wedge of birds, killed two and dropped two cripples in some nearby willow trees. A few more minutes later consumption heard in willows and out sped a wounded mallard with a racoon in hot pursuit. Duck ran right into blind and was dispatched forthwith. Cook repeated unexcited.

NEBRASKA: Unusually EF of mallards along North Platte River, Platte River and the Missouri River. EF of lesser North Platte Valley and deeper advice by Canada push statement; statewide OVG.

IDAH0: EF of mallards in vicinity of Deer Flat Refuge with 250,000 birds in residence as of last week. EG Boise River, Payette and Snake for pintail and teal, Stoker and Padlock mountain report EF of lesser Snake Creek smeltmouth hunting. SF of henkies using Crane Creek. Paddock and Caswell eastward. EG south shore Cascade. Most gunners happy except for Jim Watkins and Art Smith of Boise. While chasing two crippled henkies on Payette River last week Watkins fired shot Smith in posterior, then fell on gravel bar, sprained arm, leg and splintered stock of his 500 shotgun.

CALIFORNIA: Northern states have tinged EF of pintails and mallards with gummy winds resulting in EG. Lantz bags reported from upper Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. In southern state hunters now arranging four birds in Fanny-Banner, Hazen and Winter public shooting areas of Imperial Valley. BW in Owens Valley about-creating results. Best all-round sets gone in Glenahoe Lake region where on the spot closer to shore

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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

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OG for mallards, bankers and speckled geese. Salton Sea and Rhyth area enjoying **EF** of snow geese. Statewide **OG** but storms needed along northern Pacific Flyway to really spur southern flights.

OREGON: RW dampening results in Willamette Valley and main flight still not under way. Best of state offering only **FG** with exception of Columbia River bars where mallards, canvas and teal are in good supply.

ONTARIO: GDW has made for GG, GF of pintails and mallards in Lake of Woods district and head of Great Lakes. FG for geese and sawbills in St. Lawrence area, and EF of bankers reported from Goderich on Lake Huron where near Barnes. Best bag of week reported by Patry Roberto of Welland and Larry Wales and Owen Abbot of Chatham. Roberto notched 28 ducks, the other two men eight geese. Only four note: Roberto's ducks were all tame Muscovies owned by area resident. All eight geese Laine, also owned by area resident. Resident's reaction not reported.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or opened, SC—season closed (or closed)
C—clear water, D—water dirty or oily, M—water muddy, N—water at normal height, S4—slightly high, H—high, VH—very high, L—low, R—rising, F—falling, WT50—water temperature 50° FG—fishing good, FF—fishing fair, FP—fishing poor, OVG—outlook very good, OG—outlook good, OF—outlook fair, OP—outlook poor

STEELHEAD: OREGON: Coastal streams R and fresh runs of fish taking. FG from the Nehalem River on north coast to Siuslaw River in central coast area; OG.
SMITH COLUMBIA: Big run of steelhead reported through Hellgate in the Fraser and should be showing in Thompson River shortly. FF there now but some good catches being taken near mouth of Nicola.

CALIFORNIA: After three-week lull on Trinity River, FG from Mount Branch to Trinity Canyon. Lower Eel M but Ruman, Gualala, Big and Noyo rivers report FG, Sacramento Riv—between Los Molinos and Red Bluff also yielding nice catches on single salmon eggs and OG.
IDAHO: FG from Brownie Dam to Swan Falls on Snake Good Results also reported from mouth of Little Salmon, mouth of French Creek and Markay Bar. Sp. reports fantastic fishing at mouth of Marble Creek on Middle Fork of Salmon, but biggest steelhead of Idaho's year was taken last week on Snake River by Elwyn Hartman of Colton, Wash. who subbed 24-pound three-canner in 40 minutes on spinning tackle and 10-pound test line.

STRIPED BASS: NEW JERSEY: FG/OG for surf slayers from Lavalette south through Island Beach. Bunker spoon trailers scoring below Sandy Hook on fish to 45 pounds and smaller models to 15 pounds. Biting reggati eels, plugs, squid and pork rind.

MARYLAND: Chesapeake Bay Bridge rock piles booming with two-pounders and FG, but to northeast on the Mud Dumps fish to six pounds are breaking early and late. Best bet is the river editions just off Maryland in the Hole where some fish are topping 15-pound legal limit. Favored bait at moment is large minnow hooked through lips to deep-treiled huckabuck. OVG. Some reports of nature of the Cal. Calcasieu River at Bender's Beach in spite of broken rod, OG with one eye on duck hunters.

BLACK BASS: LOUISIANA: Lake Broussard, Creole Lake and Cade Lake in Shreveport area report FG with anglers dunking duck blinds and shot as they battle fish. J. D. Courtney scored best catch of week when he acted a four-and-a-half-pound smallmouth in the Calcasieu River at Bender's Beach in spite of broken rod, OG with one eye on duck hunters.
MISSOURI: Russell Dam Lake C and L but FG on medium running plugs and live bait. Lake of Ozarks in Nungua area also advises FG/OG as long as fair weather holds.



NIPPING FROST PLAGUES RUNNERS IN ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE NCAA CROSS-COUNTRIES EVER HELD AT EAST LANSING

DEFIANT HARRIERS

Neither snow nor ice nor Olympiads will make the cross-country championships close up shop

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

WHILE THEIR COUNTRYMEN on the U.S. Olympic team are cavorting in the warm summer climate of Australia, the nation's cross-country runners will carry on, as always, back home. The climax of each season is reached in late November when the National Collegiate Cross Country Championships are held annually on the Michigan State University campus. To judge from these chilly color pictures taken at last year's meeting, one might conclude that Michigan State was located in Yukon territory instead of in customarily temperate East Lansing. That the harriers had more than their share of difficulties to overcome is graphically evident on these pages. In addition to a snow-covered course, they were hampered by a temperature of 12° and icy, 37-mile-an-hour winds—an unusual inducement

ment to speed. Surmounting chills and hazards, Charley (Deacon) Jones of Iowa and Henry Kennedy of the host team managed to stage a thrilling stretch duel which the Iowan won by a stride. The winning time for the four-mile race was under 20 minutes, a cross-country rarity.

Though Jones went on to make the Olympic team as a steeplechaser and will not be around to defend his title, 1956 must by no means be considered an off year for the championships. If anything, the simultaneous running of the Olympics should have a rousing effect on the event. There is still plenty of talent at home, and the college distance runners, their blood warmed by the heroic deeds in Melbourne, will be more eager than ever to exhibit their potential greatness—and the weatherman be damned.



SHOES CRUNCHING on the snow, four of the leaders—Kennedy, George King of NYU, Max Truax of USC and Lew Stiglitz of Connecticut U.—pass the two-mile mark.



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THE MYSTERIOUS MENTOR

by TERRY O'CONNOR

Few people except athletes know Franz Stampfl, the lively and persuasive coach who believes breaking records can be routine

ROGER BANNISTER, a sensitive and articulate athlete, has often observed that athletes, in their hour of trial, are the loneliest men in the world. At that instant when they face the waiting track or the high-jump bar, or heft javelin or discus in their nervous, sweating hands, there is no one who can help them but themselves—no one, that is, in the case of a privileged few, except a mysterious Austrian coach named Franz Stampfl.

Next week at Melbourne this man Stampfl will be at the starting line with England's four-minute miler, Brian Hewson—and with his opponent, Australia's almost-four-minute miler, Merv Lincoln. If this seems paradoxical, it only lends added interest to a race which will, in effect, find Stampfl pitted against Stampfl, a situation which

will arise throughout the Games as members of the Australian team, which Stampfl undertook a year ago to train for these Olympic Games, meet up with Stampfl-trained men from other lands. And with all of these athletes of varying nationalities, as they stand alone, nakedly facing their destiny, will be some small part of Stampfl, the Sven-gali-like figure who, more than any other coach alive, seems to be able to inject his charges with the conviction that they have within them the power to win.

The decisive moment of supreme trial, when the world watches and waits for success or failure, is the moment for which Stampfl, a lively, brilliant Austrian who by now has grown accustomed to seeing his pupils make history, assiduously prepares those who

are fortunate enough to have secured his services for their physical and spiritual care. To Stampfl, the latter is fully as important as the former; though he has preached sheer physical endurance as much as any man, he has never divorced the powers of the spirit from his training. "I sometimes think," he said not long ago, "that my ideal athlete would have the mind of a poet. He would be a man with rich imagination, capable of intensely feeling physical, mental and spiritual emotions."

Beyond question, this close attention to the spiritual, or psychological, aspect of competitive athletics has been a factor of major importance in the extraordinary success of Stampfl as a coach. This week at Melbourne, he will have 16 outstanding athletes in competition, representing three different na-

STAMPFL IN ACTION IS A DANCER AT WORK



THE ARTISTRY OF ATHLETICS—STAMPFL SHOWS A HURDLER'S APPROACH (LEFT), A DISCUS THROWER'S WINDUP, TWO MORE PHASES OF HURDLING.

OF MELBOURNE

tions—Australia, England and South Africa. This apparent conflict bothers him not at all: "I am only interested in making good athletes better," he says, a feeling in which Australia, which engaged his services in August of last year, apparently concurs. Stampfl's preoccupation with the mind has produced a unique competitive philosophy: "Effort is really a mental image. I am convinced that the basis of athletic coaching must be to make the state of mind so strong that a world record performance is reduced to the level of instinct."

This conviction Franz Stampfl injects into his athletes with an intensity approaching the hypnotic. Chris Chataway, who will be carrying Great Britain's colors in the 5,000-meter race, said of him: "When I first met him I realized he had a remarkable understanding of human nature and a devastatingly infectious enthusiasm. I found his approach to athletics an immediate inspiration." (Chataway also recalls that in his unforgettable, record-breaking duel with Russia's machine-like Vladimir Kuts in London two

years ago he was physically finished with half a mile to go; that the inspiration of conviction that he could win which Stampfl had conveyed to him before the race drove him on in an effort which was truly superhuman.) Brian Hewson said: "I never realized it was possible to work so hard in training and love every minute of it until I was coached by Franz. He makes running appear like an expression of beauty instead of a tough grind." It is a conviction that was crystallized in Stampfl—the fourth of a family of seven children, who was born in Vienna 43 years ago—during his difficult years in World War II. A skiing instructor and javelin thrower (he once threw 247 feet in an exhibition, five feet over the present Olympic record), he came to England as an art student in 1937, stayed on when Hitler occupied his native land, and was interned when war broke out. In June 1940 he was shipped off to Canada on the *Arandora Star*, only to be torpedoed in mid-voyage. He drifted in the sea for nine hours before being picked up. Some time later, he was sent off to Australia on a ship

which was so drastically overcrowded and under-provisioned that it was later made the subject of a court of inquiry. "If there was ever any wavering doubt in my mind," Stampfl says, "the war convinced me that the mind, body and soul must be cultivated into one dynamic force to achieve sporting greatness. I discovered that physical hardships could be overcome if there was a burning desire from the mind to produce complete mental control. Also, I saw in myself and others the almost frightening powers which could be released under great provocation and stress. A man strongly roused is driven by a force greater than himself."

Since the essence of conviction is to convince, it would follow that Stampfl probably does more persuasive talking to his athletes than most other coaches think is necessary, and this is indeed the case. His powers of persuasion are not limited only to the spoken word. Among others, he coached Fred Dwyer, the plucky little U.S. miler, by letter over a period of years; and latterly, from Australia, he has been coaching

continued on next page

Photographs by Larry Burrows



AND (RIGHT) BALANCING AT THE LINE AT THE END OF A JAVELIN THROW. HIS WORKOUTS ARE AS INTENSE AS THOSE OF ATHLETES THEMSELVES

FRANZ STAMPEL

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a number of athletes he left behind in England by tape recorder. To judge by results, the power of his spoken voice emerging from the speaker is almost as strong as his personal presence. Last March, when Chataway drifted into a period of lassitude following Stampfl's departure for Australia, a tape received from Australia outlining training schedules jerked him right back into line again, with resulting immediate improvements in performance. Stampfl's recorded messages are so loaded with passion that they are almost impossible to ignore. Technical statistics on proposed lap times and repetitions pour forth in a swift, fluent and seemingly endless stream of slightly accented English. "Five times 880 yards repetition two minutes six each; rest at most 10 minutes between each," the recorder will proclaim. "Try to cut it to eight minutes if you can. Then next day try 10 times 440 yards interval running from 50 to 51 seconds with a recovery lap of 2½ minutes, then next three times a three-quarter mile each in three minutes 15 seconds, but this time you can have 15 minutes between. Do nothing on the day before the race. Let me know how you get on and I'll send you more." The athlete, it seems, can scarcely help himself, such is the galvanism of Stampfl's exhortations. "He is the only coach," said Chris Brasher, one of Britain's fine trio of steeplechasers, recently, "who makes you feel an utter fool if you don't complete his schedule."

A START IN LONDON

Many of Stampfl's critics accuse him, even today, of excessive verbosity, but Stampfl, who has adhered to his methods through the good and bad times of an up-and-down career, pays no attention to such comments. In fact, he never has; his whole attention has always been concentrated on the athlete. When he first came to London as a free-lance his problem, of course, was to find athletes to concentrate on. A virtual unknown, with only some experience as a small-time track and skiing coach in Austria behind him, he did not even have suitable premises on which to start a training school. Unlike America, where a would-be coach would look for a job at a school, college or university, the British system offered no such security: Stampfl was a man with a mission competing against many others for the attention of individual athletes or sports clubs. He finally got



THE MAN BEHIND THE MAGIC MILE: Stampfl (in cap) shares victory grin with Roger Bannister and his paces Brasher (left) and Chataway after Bannister's historic feat.

a start in London, where an army colonel sympathetic to his views gave him the use of an army hall and track. Stampfl used his own meager capital to buy the necessary equipment, and then, hanging out his shingle, so to speak, waited for customers. His fee was a shilling per hour per day, and to the individual athlete it still is.

The war years interrupted his coaching career, which was furthered only slightly by some coaching he was able to do while studying for a bachelor of arts degree at Melbourne University. But in 1946 he was back in the United Kingdom again, setting up shop in Belfast, where his reputation began to pick up as a result of his work with Thelma Hopkins, still Britain's best woman high jumper, and Victor Milligan, who developed into a four-minute five-second miler and went to Purdue. Within three years he became one of the most successful coaches in Europe. He moved to London, where his services were immediately retained by an assortment of clubs such as the Belgrave Harriers, the Blackheath Harriers and the South London Harriers. Oxford University paid him a small retainer of around £300 yearly to train the Oxford team, a duty which involved a 60-mile journey to the university some 40 times a year. In between, he held court at Battersea Park's London County Council track, where a hundred or more athletes would pay their shilling fee for his ringing, make-or-break advice.

This advice centers on two things: the importance of mind over matter (in this case, the athlete's body), and the hardening of the body to the point where the utmost demands can be made of it. Stampfl's effort, as he starts out to develop an athlete, is to capture his imagination and stimulate his interest, holding both through the

long grind of training as the body is brought to ever greater endurance in preparation for the peak effort. As Stampfl himself puts it: "Before anything else I have to attain a complete understanding with the athletes with whom I work. Sometimes I know more about them than they themselves, which helps me to free latent powers still dormant. After training sessions in England I often accompanied my athletes to a cafe, where we would discuss anything which came to mind so as to stimulate new interests apart from track and field. Sometimes I told stories of bohemians I met here in Chelsea, where I lived. To many young pupils it was like lifting the veil on an unknown world, and a relief from the ordeal of training. Maybe they thought me just a silly Austrian. Some might have believed I was a great man. I don't know. It didn't matter to me as long as they were interested, because only then could I bring the best out of them."

"This sort of thing was important because it helped me to gain an entrance to my athletes' minds through another medium. A coach must be interested in everything—music, art, ballet, racing cars, mountaineering, skiing, religion. Should an athlete show a liking for a subject I do not know, I make a point of studying it. Only with complete understanding can we reach the true partnership needed. Chataway, for instance, is an admirer of Lawrence of Arabia. Whatever he has suffered in training or running is cast against the background of a man who, he believes, gave much more. This well-spring of inspiration is important in a civilized world where a man is seldom asked to tax himself to the limits of his powers."

Part and parcel of this mental side of his training program is Stampfl's firm

conviction that the athlete must be master of himself, not just the willing slave of his coach. "During my first interview with the Amateur Athletic Association, when I was seeking an opportunity to coach," he recalls, "a moment of indignation forced me to crystallize a policy to which I have always adhered. 'I am not a German coach,' I told them then, 'and I do not force anyone to do anything. There are no laws to control athletes.' I was very young in those days—only 27—but I was already certain that coaching was intuitive rather than a scientific thing. From my early days in Vienna as a skier and a javelin thrower I have always thought of sport as an art rather than something to be reduced to the blackboard level. In training I always ask my athletes what they want to do. Brian Hewson was so amazed by this technique when he first came to me that he hesitated to accept it. 'You're the boss,' he said. 'You tell me.' His answer shocked me, because it was a reflection of a man not willing to take responsibility. Once, a little later, he came for training after being out until the early hours of the morning. He was sheepish, and expected me to be angry. Instead I said 'It doesn't really matter, but you cannot expect to do a hard workout because your body is not sufficiently recovered.' I tried by my attitude to impress on him that the responsibility was his, not mine. I never use the schoolmaster approach, because if I do, boys will always be boys. And from that day on, Hewson began to take charge of himself."

A CHALLENGE FROM CHATAWAY

Chataway's reaction to Stampfl was as challenging in a different way. A strong individualist, he was prejudiced against coaches, harboring an objection to regimentation often found in English university men. Stampfl's way of dealing with this was deceptively easy. Regimentation, the strict, undeviating routine of any kind of training, was unavoidable. "But," says Stampfl, "fortunately, my methods have always been to influence the athlete's mind to make him believe the ideas are his own. Once, for instance, before the Kuts race, Chataway arrived for training and did not think he could do the four separate mile time trials in four minutes 20 seconds as arranged. I knew he could not afford to miss the training, but I did not show my feelings. 'Don't worry,' I said, 'just run a mile in 4:40.' He did 4:32. During the recovery interval we talked and joked and he revived, showing his usual spirit for

training. In the end he did the last three miles as planned and said it was terrifically easy. He thought it was a great workout."

"Training," Stampfl continued, "is so vitally important that it presents a problem in itself. It is not enough just to impress on the athlete that without hard work he has no tools for success. Somehow training must be made a rich experience in itself and not just a means to an end. The technical side of it must slip simply into the pattern and not sound like a geometry lesson. When an athlete wants to train, in contrast to being persuaded to do so, then you are on the right road."

The technical side of Stampfl's training—interval running, in the case of the middle-distance and distance runners for whom Stampfl is most famous—is not easy to "slip simply into the picture." Stretched over weeks and months, it is an appalling grid of repeated running, time after time, over a set distance with constantly short-

ening periods for recovery in between and constantly accelerating speeds. (Tom Courtney, the great American 880 man whom Stampfl once offered to coach, frankly described it as "too tough.") "I saw what those European runners had to do," he said. "They practice four hours a day, seven days a week. Sometimes they do as much as eight hours of running in a day. I only work out three times a week and for two hours on each occasion." It is the type of training that makes milers out of three-milers, quarter-milers out of milers, sprint men out of half-milers and quarter-milers. The runner only occasionally runs his true distance; most of his time is spent in running sections of it, meanwhile constantly pushing back the threshold of his endurance. "If a man is to run a three-mile race in world-record time," says Stampfl, "he must be able to get near or under four minutes for the mile. To do this he must be able to run a fast

continued on next page



AN EARLY STAMPFL CHAMPION, Northern Ireland's Thebma Hopkins, works out under her coach's eye. First woman to clear five feet 8½ inches, she is strong Olympic threat.

FRANZ STAMPEL

continued from page 83

half and a good quarter mile. Sometimes I believe the great distance runners could be produced from strong sprinters. Speed is a basic quality which is never lost by adding stamina."

Stampf has never had the opportunity to attempt this logical conclusion of the interval running system and he probably never will. Tempting as it is, the challenge of trying to build a supermiler out of a record-breaking sprinter involves tremendous risks; but making sprinters out of milers is a different matter. Relatively speaking, this is what he does, and it has resulted in the astonishing versatility shown by many of his (and other interval system coaches') pupils—men like Chataway, whose real distance is three miles and up, yet who has run an under-four-minute mile; or Brasher, the steeple-chaser; or Roger Bannister, who was a worthy competitor at anything from the half mile to a cross-country race. With these and others Stampf has proved the advantage of encouraging athletes to compete at varying distances. "They are released from the anxiety of always being expected to win," he says. "Also, it gives them terrific scope for experience, new exhilarations and mental relaxation. Then there are the tremendous tactical advantages gained by a distance man competing over the shorter events where a number of quick bursts are often needed to improve positioning."

THE SECRET OF THE GRIND

This, as much as anything, is the secret of how to keep an athlete's imagination and interests stimulated during the long training grind; and the grind itself is the secret to his ultimate success. "Very simply," says Stampf, "if you possess the natural potential, and are willing to train for the four-minute mile, it can be achieved. It is not difficult, but the approach seems to puzzle some. Take a runner like Wes Santee, who competed indoors and outdoors throughout the season. Such a program must have taken the edge from him, although his performances were spectacular. If only he had prepared for six to eight months, and then gradually conditioned his body for the great effort! What times he might have achieved!

"Bannister, Chataway and Hewson all began their buildup early in the winter, reverting to elementary speeds of quarter-mile laps of 70 seconds. Within seven months this was reduced

by 10 seconds, but it was hardly noticed because they were holding back their speed but increasing pace. These milers became so conditioned that they were able to produce the same time whether it was windy, muddy, rainy or cold. By the summer they could run a major race near world-record time every three weeks and produce a good performance weekly. Last year, when Chataway ran the three miles in 13 minutes 23.2 seconds for a new world record, he found it took little out of him. That winter preparation is needed after every season to build up for the new summer battles."

Stampf is firmly convinced that the world is full of under-four-minute milers, and that the record, in the not-too-distant future, will be brought down to 3:50, eight seconds below John Landy's stunning time at Turku, Finland, two years ago. He has an eight-months training schedule which he would set potential aspirants for the magic distance, and he would make them keep

that schedule for that period before ever allowing them to run a mile at all. A sample day would include 10 quarter miles, each run at a set pace (depending on the degree of training already achieved) with three-minute recovery periods between them, and constant physical and physiological checks. Temperature, humidity and the conditions under which the athlete trained would also be checked each day. Pulse checks would be taken at set times each day, and blood pressure constantly kept under surveillance. Performance, says Stampf, would go up in proportion to the amount of training the athlete did and in direct proportion to the intensity of that training. "It's like building up immunity to some poisons," Stampf explains. "Give a man a big dose and, poof, he is dead. But gradually step up the doses and he won't die. There's no guesswork to it."

By way of demonstration, Stampf is likely to cite the case of Mervyn Lincoln, the 22-year-old schoolteacher who



THAT STAMPEL LOOK, called by poetic by some, is a mixture of American charm, calculated challenge and boundless confidence, which has inspired some of world's top athletes.

became one of his charges when he arrived in Australia to coach that country's Olympic team. In four months of Stampfl coaching Lincoln's time went from 4:15.8 to 4:00.6, which put him squarely into the Olympic category. In fact, Stampfl, who foresees the equivalent of a 3:55 mile for the Olympic 1,500-meter race next week, feels certain that Lincoln will be among the finalists when that star-studded contest gets under way.

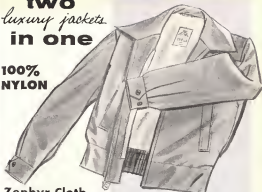
Stampfl, who on Nov. 12 became an Australian citizen, feels that in his adopted country, which he first saw as an enemy alien in the war, he has found his spiritual—and professional—home. In Melbourne he and his Australian-born wife Patsy, whom he met during his war years there, can live modestly but comfortably on the £1,500 he receives annually from Melbourne University, the National Fitness Council, Victoria's Ministry of Education and the Victorian Amateur Athletic Association. He is actually—though not officially—Australia's national coach, and he has great plans to make Australia the leading track and field country in the world. Australia has the material, he says; and it also has the imagination and the drive which he considers essential.

"Men are lifted from their mediocrity by their imagination and the wealth of experience they can portray in their vocation," says Stampfl. "I myself can be inspired by listening to music, by looking at great paintings; or be enraptured by superb dancers. I thrill at the fantastic rhythm of their bodies swaying in perfect harmony, and at the sheer magic of seeing them as lonely men dominating a vast audience. Night after night they must pit their skill against all the odds. When I leave the theater I am like a boy wanting to be a dancer and entrance others as they did me. It is not possible, but the inspiration need not be lost.

"I pass on the experience to my athletes and tell them that one day they will enter an Olympic stadium all alone, with thousands of eyes watching. They must prepare thoroughly for this moment. I teach them independence—they must be complete masters of themselves and resist the overwhelming feeling of loneliness which captures them. I try to make their minds so strong that they are blessed with an inward feeling of complete superiority—for there must be no mental breakdown, or all the physical training will be in vain. I try to lift them above themselves—for immortality may be only a few minutes away." (END)

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VANDERBILT: A JOB WELL DONE

Sir:

Feichtom's Sports Illustrated on George Plimpton's very fine articles on the America's Cup races (The Vanderbilt Story, SI, Oct. 15, 22, 29; Nov. 5). The details are perfect and correct in every respect. In fact, all of your articles on yachting, a difficult sport to report, are unanimously recognized with outstanding accuracy.

Congratulations on a job well done.

NELSON E. JONES
Staff Commodore

Corinthian Yacht Club
San Francisco

VANDERBILT: I WILL REMEMBER...

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has never published anything better than the series on Harold Vanderbilt. I awaited with tremendous pleasure each of the four parts to read about this remarkable gentleman.

I will remember the night that my stepfather told us children that we were going to take our boat out of Buxards Bay the next morning and sail down to watch the 1934 America's Cup race.

It was the most thrilling day in my life to sail into that mass of yachts, motorboats, sailboats of all sizes and the mighty J boats which were beautiful beyond comparison.

I hope that some day soon these races will again be an exciting, beautiful part of our American life, and I hope that I will be right there in all the swell and chop.

MRS. FINLEY T. WHITE

Durham, N.C.

VANDERBILT: WHAT AN ERA

Sir:

It's about time a great American and a great yachtsman should be accorded an honor long overdue. I saw the Cup races at Newport in 1934 and was fortunate enough to go aboard the Rainbow and get a close look at the craft.

I took a trip this spring to Bristol and the once thriving Herringhoff yards are merely a maze of rotting timbers. I suppose the J boats are a symbol of an era bygone, never to return, but what an era and what a sight those tremendous craft were racing off Brenton's reef.

HENRY W. KAISER JR.

Waterford, Conn.

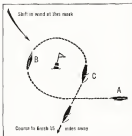
VANDERBILT: DIFFICULT MANEUVER

Sir:

I have found the series on Harold Vanderbilt really fascinating, but I confess that one thing has left me completely at sea. Are there any other landlubbers like me who got swamped trying to follow the details of Vanderbilt's invention called the tack-jibe?

JOCK ELLIOTT

New York



• The essential feature of Vanderbilt's tack-jibe maneuver was that it enabled him to round the mark under the conditions shown in the diagram above without the loss of time and crew effort which would normally be required in trimming headsails and backstays. Vanderbilt elected to come to the mark on the starboard tack—position A. Before Rainbow reached position A her port backstays had been carried forward and her crew stationed. Thereafter no one aboard moved until, as Rainbow jibed at position C, her main sheet was eased and her genoa broken out. Note the headsails trimmed to windward, expediting the turning movement (position B). The tack-jibe maneuver enabled Rainbow to turn this mark 30 seconds quicker than Yankee to win the race by one second.—ED.

VANDERBILT: A MASTER'S APPRAISAL

Sir:

I am not qualified to comment on Mike Vanderbilt's yachting ability, but as regards his bridge ability I can confirm Plimpton's statement that he is good.

Twenty-five years ago Mike Vanderbilt was certainly one of the 10 best players in the United States. Today he plays less bridge with experts than he did then and his game has suffered slightly as a result.

Your article stressed his thoroughness and his desire to win. He possesses both these characteristics to the greatest possible degree. When he spends a couple of minutes trying to make an extra trick he does so because he just hates not to play the hand with the perfect technique.

As regards his tennis game, I must take some slight exception to your article. Like me, he is left-handed and clumsy on the tennis court. However, he will win combined with the fact that he has extremely long arms enables him to make some of the most amazing recoveries I have ever seen. His trouble is with the easy ones and it might be that he forgets and relaxes for a second when given a setup. Then, when he misses, his cry is not really anguish, it is more utter horror at the idea that anyone could make such a bad shot.

To close this letter I wish that I were as young as 53 as Mike is at 72.

OSWALD JACOBY

Dallas

• We never considered Mr. Jacoby anything but young ourselves until we read that he was eliminated by his own son in the '56 men's pairs bridge championship.—ED.

VANDERBILT: MR. SIMS'S MEMORY

Sir:

In the Vanderbilt Story, Part IV you quote P. H. Sims as claiming an advantage in gin rummy through his ability to recall the order in which the cards fell in the previous game. Presumably, this advantage is gained because a perfect shuffle in which every card is separated from its neighbors is virtually an impossibility.

Would not this ability to recall the previous order hinder Mr. Sims rather than help him? He can, after all, never be sure

MR. CAPER

by AJAY

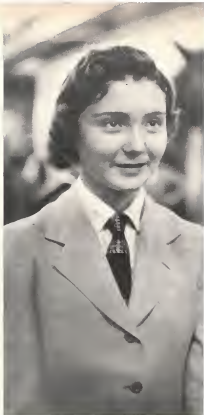


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PAT ON THE BACK

LUANN BEACH

The pert and poised 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth C. Beach of La Jolla, Calif., Luann (right) distinguished herself in the National Horse Show at New York's Madison Square Garden by winning both the Good Hands and Saddle Seat medal-class championships, a double of considerable rarity. Since she won the medal class for Stock Horse Seat two years ago, this makes her a champion in two out of three possible equitation divisions, Hunter Seat being the third. Though involved in the world of horse shows, Luann still has her work at Bishop School to worry about. A junior, she carries schoolwork on her travels.



JOAN WALSH

Three blue ribbons, two reds, five yellows and one white are the latest awards to glisten brightly from an already impressive collection of prizes won by Joan. She took these honors in this year's National Horse Show in New York, riding for Owner Eleonora Sears. Daughter of Mickey Walsh, noted trainer of jumpers and flat-race horses, Joan is a veteran in the field at 25. She first competed when she was 9, became a professional horsewoman at 18. When not showing in the ring she works for her father as "exercise boy." Her day begins at 5:30 with morning workouts at Belmont Park, conveniently near her home in Queens, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TIZOLO

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